

A MAN WITH NO POCKETS

Samuel Napples hastened up the broad east side thoroughfare, more conscious of the penetrating mire than of the throng the bustle, and the gaudy allurements for hapless rustics. All these were an old story for him, and so, indeed, was life—a dreary plod to the measure of a dirge. It is hard when one can make enough today to keep alive through tomorrow so far as to make enough for the next day; but when twelve hours' incessant work in a great retail emporium results only in an increasing financial deficiency, despite the coarsest of food and the thinnest of clothing, then one does not wonder whether life is worth living—one knows.

So Sammy was thinking, and besides—for who so wretched as not to wish to share his misery?—there was Kate, his bonny Kate, as he had once called her in a burst of originality. Were not things bad and sad enough but that he must needs make them worse by quarreling with her, and depriving himself of the hope for an impracticable future? Why had Kate been so short with him? Perhaps her mother, the Widow Quigley, had weighed him in the balance of acceptability and had found him, as he was, sadly wanting.

Ah, well! worrying was a poor plaster for an aching back; at least sleep remained for him! Sammy thought of his dismal lodgings with longing, and quickened his steps. As he was crossing the avenue, he heard a feeble cry for help. There on the track in front of him was a quivering bundle of rags. Chancing full upon it was a car, and to the right and left impatient trucks.

Sammy dashed forward and under. He raised the poor old creature and dragged her to the corner. He collected her basket and kerchief and staff. From a remote corner of his pocket he snatched a shrinking dime and pressed it in her palsied grasp. Then he hurried on, not heeding the blessing, nor the assurance that whatever thing he would wish for that he should receive. No, indeed; he was too impressed with the perception that now he could not alleviate his crust with a modest pint of ale, to bother with the mumbblings of a half-crazed beldam.

Samuel turned the latch of his lodging house noiselessly, as he thought, and was half way up stairs in a bound, but a search light from an opening door below caught him and a strident voice pealed forth:

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Napples, if you please, but I'm a waiting for you as you promised, for the butcher will be to hand in the morning, and he hasn't no poor lone widder to be deluded by spendthrifts and wuss, more's the pity."

"Presently, Madam," replied Samuel, as he repeated the bound and secured himself within his cheerless quarters.

Now what had he meant by saying "Presently, Madam," when he well knew that he had not one cent in the world? Was it right thus to deceive that long suffering soul? But was anything right where work was existence and starvation its reward? On the table by the candle was the butterless loaf and at one side was the brown jug, so tempting because so empty. "Even if I had the dime I wouldn't dare to get you filled," murmured Sammy with a sickly grin.

He thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and paced moodily up and down the room. "I wish," he continued, "that every time I put my hand in my pocket I might draw out a ten-dollar greenback. Oh, wouldn't that be nice! Well, I'd rather smile."

But Sammy didn't smile. He stopped short. He stood aghast. Surely nothing could be more empty than his pockets, not even the jug; but surely he felt something. He slowly drew forth his hands and held them before the candle. He turned pale and livid and green and sank on the chair with the broken back—the other one lacked a seat—and well he might, for in each he held a fresh, crisp ten-dollar greenback! Twenty unexpected, unaccountable dollars to a penniless man, whose salary, as he termed it, was "six per," and only recently that!

Sammy sat in a daze, after eyeing the money and assuring himself of its substance. His wish truly recurred to him, but only idly as an astounding coincidence to an incomprehensible event. Little by little light dawned. "She must have slipped them in my pocket when I raised her. Who would have supposed she was so rich? God bless her!" he muttered.

He bounded lightly down the stairs. He entered the dread sitting room and startled its awful mistress over her tea.

"I'll just settle that little account," he said.

The landlady caught the notes like a trained soprano. After a brief search in an old stocking she returned a small amount of change.

"Which I do say, Mr. Napples," she added, with a gratified air, "you was allus that honorable. Won't you set by and take a drawin'?"

No. Samuel had an important engagement. He remembered the butterless loaf and the parched jug. He hastened to his room and thence with the latter to the neighboring inn.

"A quart of Extra X, and just wrap up a cut of that ham and a bit o' cheese, will you?" he said grandiloquently as he fished in his pocket for a coin.

The proprietor recognized the air and approved of it, as he saw what Samuel extended.

"A tinner, eh?" he replied. "Just let it go until next time, Mr. Napples, I can't break that very well."

And Sammy once more dumbfounded, folded the greenback in his grasp, picked up his parcels, and departed to his room.

He placed the brown jug on the table, and slapped his brow.

"That's it," he chuckled. "She must have slipped in three instead of two."

He locked the precious note within the strong box in which he kept his Sunday necktie. He devoted himself to reality instead of casuistry; and so, having eaten and drunk, he went to bed and thence to sleep, a shake of his apparel assuring him that the third was the last and that the coins were still there.

The next morning he stopped at a jeweler's after his master's watch, which had been left there for repairs. Having obtained it, he lingered in admiration of a little lacerated-forget-me-nots. But before he could formulate his desires, the accusing clocks on every side warned him that he was late. So he tore away and jumped on a down-town car. He gained a seat between two fat women, and was

thus preserved from reproachful feminine glances, since those who had to stand envied him not; but not from the circumjacent gaze of the conductor.

"Fare!" demanded that official.

Without raising his eyes from his paper Sammy extended his hand.

"You ought to know that I ain't got no nine ninety-five."

Sammy looked down and grew hot and cold.

"Oh! ah! what the—well, here then."

"Come, come, sir; me time's too velleble for foolin'."

Again Sammy looked and again beheld a greenback. He felt in a third pocket with like result.

"Ye've more money than brains, I be thinkin'!" And the passengers laughed, the fat women so dangerously so since their mutual attraction increased from their vibrations.

"I'll get out and walk," said Sammy feebly, tucking away his unavailing wealth, "I'm not feeling well this morning."

The conductor rang the bell sharply.

"Stay to hum' to-night and drink tay for a change," he advised.

Samuel stood, like Lot's wife after she had tasted the salt, in the midst of the pressing throng. What mystery had enthralled him; was he bewitched or simply crazy? He knew that the hand, which shook so, was his, and so were the patched boots and the threadbare clothing, and the leg which he pinched and which smarted so responsively. But what the devil—Here the City Hall clock struck nine. Habit, foretelling the wiggling and the fine which awaited him, grasped him by the neck and rushed him along, until breathless, he entered the place of his employment.

Mr. Gimp, the proprietor, a short, stout man with red eyes and muckilaginous whiskers, thrust his head in the inner office:

"Here you, Napples," he shouted, angrily. "Come here. So you're late again. Perhaps you better take my place and be done with it. Well, I dock you fifty cents, and you don't go to no lunch to-day neither; mind that."

"Yes, sir," replied poor Sammy.

"Where's the watch? I suppose you forgot that."

"Oh! no, sir. Here it is," and Samuel eagerly reached for it. What was his confusion, his terror, when he found that instead he extended the inevitable ten-dollar bill. Instinctively he felt in every pocket until he had laid out before him six greenbacks; but when he finally drew forth the two notes he had acquired on a horse car, with a third clinging to them, he desisted, and stood like a detected thief before his master.

"What's this, what's this?" cried the suspicious Mr. Gimp. "Ninety dollars in fresh, new bills, and only yesterday you were begging to draw five dollars on account of your wages. I must look into this where did you get this sum, sir?"

"I can tell you," quavered the frightened clerk.

"You can't tell me! Well, I can't afford to employ a capitalist at six dollars per week. Where's the watch, I say?"

"I don't know, sir. I must have lost it."

"Lost it, you scoundrel! Now get before I give you in custody. As for this money, I'll hold it until your accounts are written up and you find my valuable timepiece. Git, I say."

With downcast mien, Samuel slunk out of the store, a jeer and a butt to all the clerks. He lingered on the sidewalk and flattened his nose on the show window like a beggar outside a restaurant. He had spent many long unhappy hours within, overworked, half starved, and berated; but oh! how proud he had been to be a salesman with a counter of his own, and now, alas! he had lost both situation and character. A tear trickled down the miserable Sammy's cheek. Mechanically he sought his handkerchief and gained a ten-dollar greenback.

Events had been too hurried for Samuel. He couldn't as yet comprehend. He realized that he had an uncomfortable store of wealth, but whence or how he didn't know, nor did he much care, since it seemed first to get him into trouble and then to disappear. How unsettled he felt, how lonely, how sad! Where should he go, what should he do with himself; for who cared to be bothered with him? His thoughts turned to the cruel Kate. Perhaps she would relent and be glad to see him. Perhaps she might explain the unexplainable! Might not some little gift propitiate her? Why, of course; and didn't he have money in his very grasp?

"I'll keep it there," he murmured, with a touch of shrewdness, "and then I'll have no trouble with these confounded pockets."

But what should he get? Ah! he recollected the pin of forget-me-nots. The very thing, and only \$7.50. Lightened by hope he hastened to the jeweler's and obtained the coveted keepsake, which he buttoned tightly in his inside pocket close to his ardent heart. Then away for a four-mile stroll to the home of his beloved. Why should he not walk? The day was young, he was a man of leisure. He looked at the gliding horsecar and shuddered slightly. Yes, assuredly, he would walk; the exercise would be beneficial.

He arrived. Alas! how quickly were his fond hopes extinguished. His bonny Kate received him coldly, and in the presence of her mother, the Widow Quigley. Their eyebrows mutually expressed interrogation.

"I've come," Sammy stammered, "to ask your forgiveness, and let bygones be bygones, and please will you accept this trifling gift? I—I think it quite appropriate."

All in a quiver of expectancy he unbuttoned his coat and made his offering. Alas, and alas! Kate screamed and fainted. The widow screamed and advanced with menacing fingers.

"O, you wretch! you villain, you!" she cried. "Do you dare to proffer money to my child? Do you think you can insult two defenceless females with impunity? Ugh, you wretch! I could scratch your nasty little eyes out!"

Sammy looked and saw.

"Oh, Lord!" he ejaculated, as he tore the offending greenback into bits and dashed from the house without his hat.

How he ever got to his lodgings he never knew. A confused remembrance remained of a race through the streets, of startled wayfarers of expostulating policemen, of following crowds, of an angry landlady, and of her dreadful whisper to the scullion:

"He's drunk. How disgraceful!" But he gained this poor asylum where he might at least be alone and hide; and he threw himself on the bed and buried his head as well as possible in the pillow-like pillow,

and for hours lay unconscious in the stupor of despair.

When he awoke he was refreshed, his mind was clear. He recalled the old woman's parting assurance that whatever he would wish for, that thing he should receive. He recalled his wish that every time he put his hand in his pocket he might draw out a ten-dollar greenback. Evidently, then the beldam must have possessed supernatural powers; evidently, then, her words had been true. Well, heretofore he had struggled against the disadvantages of the gift, now he would try its virtues. Truly he could not continue to pay for whatever he purchased with ten-dollar bills and put the change back in his pockets. Already they bulged with articles he could not withdraw. But might he not open a bank account; might he not always give checks, as some men did? Come, now he would arrange a deposit for the morrow which should open their eyes, from the supercilious cashier to the scoffing messenger. Samuel spent that evening in pulling fresh, crisp, ten-dollar notes from his pockets, and only desisted when his hand grew quite sore and his trousers began to fray.

The next morning he went to the bank, where he was known through his late employer's dealings, and to the bewilderment of the teller, opened a personal account by depositing 2,000 ten-dollar greenbacks.

"Let me congratulate you, Sir," said that functionary, having in mind a lucky lottery ticket.

"Don't mention it," replied Sammy as he placed the checkbook in his inside pocket. He turned away, stopped, and then stepped back again.

"I beg pardon," he explained, "but I shall have to trouble you for another checkbook. I find I shall have use for it, and this obtaining and holding in his hand, he went on his way rejoicing.

Well, well, this was something like! In the evening he bought more ham and cheese and ale and gave a check for the amount of his account, i. e., 34 cents, nor did he much care because in his inadvertence he lost the viands through thrusting them in his pocket.

No, no; he had important financial matters to engross his attention, let hand matter and cloth fray and he hanged to them.

Bright and early on the following morning he was again at the bank. How really frightened the teller seemed to be to see him! He accepted the deposit, of course, but how slowly he counted it over, and how minutely he examined each bill!

While this operation was in process, Sammy felt a hand on his shoulder, and a very respectable man in citizen's dress, but with an awe inspiring badge on his vest, said: "Follow me sir." The stranger led him into an inner room, and there were two portly old gentlemen who eyed him almost as the teller had, but more curiously and with less fear, and then Sammy learned that one was the president of the bank and the other a high government official, while the man at his elbow was a detective. The saints preserve him, what was going to happen?

"I have made some little inquiry about you, Mr. Napples," began the president, "and from all I can learn you seem to be an honest, industrious young man. True, you left your employer's service under rather suspicious—"

"I have his watch in my pocket," blurted Sammy. "See, here it is," and he pulled out a crisp, new ten-dollar note.

"Ah! that's it," replied the president eagerly. "We don't care about the trumpery watch, but where do you get all this money?"

"Why, is—is it counterfeit?"

"No," admitted the high government official. "We can't deny its genuineness, but there has been some irregularity in its issuance, and—"

"I get it from my pockets."

"No frivolity, sir."

"Don't you believe me? Look here and here and here."

"For the Lord's sake stop! You'll bankrupt the government!"

Then Samuel told his story and the two old gentlemen listened with open-eyed wonder, and the detective with a smile which said, "Here's a pretty go." And when he had finished, they consulted and then the bank president, quite affably, too, asked if he would take off that suit of clothes. And Sammy replied, certainly, he didn't mind except for the sake of modesty. They emptied the pockets and found the watch, the pin, the ham and cheese, the checkbook, a handful of change, and sundry handkerchiefs and things, but no fresh crisp bills. But when Sammy came to their assistance they believed.

And this finally was the agreement into which they all entered under pledge of most sacred secrecy. Sammy was to receive from the government a very comfortable annuity for life payable from the treasury contingent fund. And, on his part, he bound himself never to leave the city, to report at certain intervals to the high official, and to wear only such clothing as the detective furnished him. And it was expressly stipulated that such clothing should be without pockets.

This contract has been faithfully carried out. The bonny Kate relented, and bestowed her bonhomie on her faithful lover. They are prosperous, contented, happy; and Sammy is universally respected as a man of substance, though of somewhat eccentric habits.

And so, the moral is—but perhaps its best for each one to frame the "Hec fabula doctet," and then there can be no doubt as to the correctness of the demonstration.

Planning Future Vengeance.

"You'll be sorry for this some day!" howled the son and heir as his father released him from the position he had occupied across the paternal knee.

"I'll be sorry? When?"

"When I get to be a man!"

"You will take revenge by whipping your father when you are big and strong and I am old and feeble, will you, Tommy?"

"No, sir," blubbered Tommy, rubbing himself; "but I'll spank your grandchildren till they can't rest!"

Try it on the Common Council.

A certain African tribe has discovered an effective method of shutting-up long-winded orators.

A rule has been adopted whereby speakers in public debates are required, while orating, to stand on one leg, and no one is allowed to speak any longer than he can so stand.

The plan has been found so satisfactory in its working that it might be considered a means of shortening speeches in this country.

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AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

TOLD BY THE CONDUCTOR.

Money Couldn't Stop the Train, but It Stopped, all the Same.

I never hear or read of the mountains that I do not recall a story told by a conductor of a train on the Great Northern road. We were going to Butte. The train had just crossed the river at Great Falls. From that point the road begins its eastern ascent of the range whose tops are whitened with the snow all the year round. A wide plain spreads out between the line of the road and the range. As the train was getting "a fresh hold on the rails," as one of the party expressed it, the conductor stood on the rear platform of the coach and looked steadily at one spot until it was lost.

How he came to tell us makes no difference now. Here is what he told:

"'Bout a year ago, I think it was, a young man was put on my train by the conductor who had brought him to where I take it. He had been East. His folks lived down there, I believe. He had been West a good many years, was a cowboy, then a deputy marshal, then a boss of a ranch, and then he got to speculating in Anaconda. He had lived the sort of life out here that a man was expected to live in them days. He was a hard citizen, and then a good one. Bless if I knew just where he quit off, but he did. He finally got to lovin' a girl, and just when he was havin' it the worst way, she ups and marries a good-for-nothin' dude that came out here and got to clerkin' in a rag house. Then the young man that I am talkin' about he goes East to wear out his feelin's, I reckon. And he was gone all summer. They said he was at the seaside. I thought when I heard that as how he would not last long. When a man quits this climate to go to the seaside there must be something mighty bad about his case. If a man can't git cured here he needn't go anywhere else."

"Well, when he was put in my care there was four or five of the boys with him. They had heard he was comin' back and they met him away down this side of St. Paul. And they nursed him all the way, and fed him jest as if he had been a sick girl. He was lookin' out of the window of the car all the time day and night, but wasn't sayin' nothin'."

When we got to Great Falls he looked out of the car window and smiled. It was the first time the boys had seen him do that since they met him, and they thought he was gettin' well. He asked 'em to set him up in his berth so he could see. And he looked at the mountain tops out there, covered with the whiteness of God, and the foot of the mountains that is washed by the purest water this side of the divide. The train was just getting a good hold on the rails when the poor fellow sank back, and the next thing I see the boys was takin' the pillar out from under his head. Then I knowed it was all over. Then one of the boys come to me and asked me if I would take \$1,000 to stop the train. I told 'em I couldn't do anything of that sort. They said money was no object. Then I asked 'em what was up, and one of 'em told me that he, meaning the dead man, had made a last request that he be taken from the train and buried in sight of the mountain that had the snow on it, the one that caught his eyes first after we had come over the river. They said they had promised him they would. I asked 'em where they would get a box, and they said a man as good as he was didn't need no box; that the angels would take care of him as soon as he was laid away. I asked 'em what they would do if the train wasn't stopped. They held a short parley and said in a most respectful way, which I understood, that they had to carry out the wishes of the deceased at all hazards; that they could stop the train if I didn't. I understood 'em. I pulled the cord and went forward, and while the engineer was mendin' the locomotive, which got out of sorts just then, the funeral procession moved out, and the dead was buried out there in full sight. It so happened that we got the locomotive fixed just as the funeral was over, and we took the pall bearers into Butte that night."

"And I never pass that spot that I don't look out there where they laid him. I ain't never seen any of the pall bearers since, and I don't know the name of the young man that they buried. Do you know, gentlemen, that his grave is green all the year round?"

I once thought of puttin' up a gravestone at the head, but, thinks I, it's none of my business, and, besides, the boys said the angels was goin' to take care of his body, so I thought I wouldn't be intrudin' on any angel's business. It was the only time, though, that my locomotive ever got anythin' the matter with it.—Chicago Tribune.

New Girl—Young man called to see you, mem. Miss Lillian (glancing at card)—Mr. Fitz-James MacStab! Gracious! I'm not fit to be seen! Tell him, Betty, that I'm—O, she's gone! New Girl (a moment later to young man)—Yes sir, she's in, but, gracious! she's not fit to be seen.

HOTELS.

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NOTICE.

THE CONSOLIDATED ELECTRIC COMPANY, Limited, will apply to the Legislature of New Brunswick at its next session for the passing of an Act empowering the Company to acquire by purchase or expropriation land for the purpose of providing a Public Park in connection with the Company's Railway and to extend its electric railway to such park, (said Act to provide that the plan of such proposed park and railway extension thereto be approved of by the Common Council of the City of St. John) and also empowering the Company to execute a mortgage on the property and franchises of the Company to and amount not exceeding \$75,000, for a term of not exceeding twenty years and bearing a rate of interest not exceeding six per cent per annum, in order to complete its electrical equipment and for other purposes and also to issue scrip or debentures to be secured by such mortgage.

Dated at the City of St. John, the 9th. day of February, A. D., 1893.

JOHN F. ZEBLEY, President.

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Intercolonial Railway.

1892—WINTER ARRANGEMENT—1893.

On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct., 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run daily—Sunday excepted—as follows:

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Express for Halifax.....	13.30