

STOLEN BABY SHOES.

It was 1813. We had fought with all our neighbors, and having won every one against us, it was our turn to be hard pressed. I belonged at that time to a regiment besieged in the town of Dantz, Danzig—you all know where that is, you know everything nowadays, we did not know so much when we were young," continued the old campaigner of Napoleon I, who was telling this story, "there it is up there," and he pointed as he spoke, with the stem of his long pipe to an imaginary Dantz on an invisible map. "It is well to be precise!"

"Well, then, I was saying, we were besieged in the town of Dantz. Among the besiegers were the Russians, and they were encamped on the side which my regiment defended. Time was long within those walls. We made a sortie every now and then but we were not numerous enough to do much."

"The days passed slowly, we spent most of our time on the ramparts watching for something new. One day after breakfast, Dr. Durand and I were searching the horizon with our telescopes; but we could see nothing. We knew that away yonder beyond the reach of our cannon stood the tents of the Russians, but nothing moved there."

"What is that?" suddenly exclaimed Dr. Durand, hastily wiping the glasses of his telescope with his handkerchief.

"I see nothing," I replied.

"Over there, in the direction of the broken poplar tree. There!" And saying this the doctor leaned toward me, and with his finger directed my telescope to the object that had attracted his notice.

"I see now," I exclaimed.

"It is a man—a Russian—coming towards the ramparts," said the doctor.

"What can he be coming for?" I asked, thoughtfully.

"The doctor shrugged his shoulders with a look that said plainly, 'How can I know?' And we continued gazing intently on the moving figure."

"I suggested that he might be the bearer of a flag or truce."

"He would not be alone," said the doctor. "Beside, he carries neither white flag nor trumpet."

"A spy, perhaps?"

"The doctor laughed at my simplicity. A spy in broad daylight coming to examine closely that which he could see just as well from his encampment."

"Perhaps it's a wager?"

"None but a Frenchman would make such an absurd wager. No, it cannot be that."

"Well, what can it mean?" I asked, impatiently.

"Oh, well, that I cannot tell you," replied the doctor. "It is strange, though," he continued. "He walks with the same regular step as though he were being drilled."

"At that moment three or four shots were fired from the fortification on our left. As the smoke cleared off we could see the soldiers with their hands resting on the parapet, searching with eager glances the effect of their shots."

"The Russian soldier advanced with the same slow, solemn step, head erect, with one hand resting on his hip. At that time this position was the usual one for all soldiers in the Russian army when not carrying arms."

"He must be mad," said the doctor, "and it is a shame to—"

"This sentence was interrupted by another volley of shots, this time more successful than the first. The man seemed to hesitate for one instant, then threw his arms upward, and fell forward with his face upon the earth. He made one feeble effort to rise, but he could not do more than lift himself very slightly with his right hand. He turned his face toward us for one moment, but we were unable to distinguish his expression. Then he bowed his head slowly, as though to watch his life blood flowing."

"Poor wretch!" said the doctor, closing his telescope quickly; he belongs to me now. Here, I want four willing men and a stretcher."

"Four men advanced promptly, and the doctor and they passed out by a small door."

"Half an hour afterward they came back, carrying the wounded man on their stretcher; the doctor had covered his face with his own handkerchief. I entered the hospital with the doctor. This case interested me greatly."

"The ball had lodged a little above the right lung. He was losing much blood and had fainted, but the wound was not likely to prove fatal."

"The next day I returned to the hospital. The man had recovered consciousness, but he kept a sullen silence, and obstinately refused to answer any question."

"A little Jew of Danzig—who I believe acted as spy for both armies—declared he recognized him, and that he was a non-commissioned officer in the Cuirassiers. As this Jew knew Russian tolerably well, we set him to find out all he could. After many inquiries among the prisoners and wounded, he at last learned that the man's name was Kolina, that he came from Lower Russia, and belonged to a section of mystics or fanatics who were looked upon as mad on account of their peculiar notions. He had held an honorable position in his village, was married, and had one baby, a girl of two years, whom he loved passionately."

"But none of this explains his extraordinary conduct," I said.

"Yes it does, your honor," replied the little Jew, with a wink of one eye. "There is something very strange and curious in all this. If I only had a little money, he added, taking hold of me by one of the buttons of my uniform. 'I might be able to make the man, or someone else, tell me what you are so anxious to learn. People are off their guard, sometimes, and I can lift his elbow, and throwing his head back as though he were in the act of drinking. I threw him a piece of money, which he carefully tied up in a corner of a handkerchief of a very doubtful appearance."

"You will soon have your money's worth," he said, bowing so low that his nose almost came in contact with my duties. "For a week after that my duties kept me too busy to think for one moment either of the wounded soldier or of the little Jew."

"At the end of that time my agent met me one afternoon on the ramparts, and gave me an account of his efforts to solve the mystery."

"He is as obstinate as a mule," he said, "he will not open his mouth to say one word not even to two of his countrymen, who are here prisoners. Being an honest

man I bring back to your honor the money given me for this purpose."

"Saying this he pulled from out of his pocket the handkerchief that served as his purse. After many efforts, in which teeth as well as nails came into requisition, he slowly untied the knot, looking at me sideways as he did so."

"Well," he said at last, with some hesitation, "perhaps, your honor thinks that my trouble is worth something, of course, though I did not succeed, I should be grateful."

"His Honor laughed, and told him to keep the money. Upon which he stuffed the handkerchief into his pocket, and making a profound bow, disappeared with remarkable speed in great heat, doubtless, lest his Honor should think better of his generosity."

"After all, what does it matter to me what this young fellow commits such an act of folly," I exclaimed, when once more alone, and then I forgot about the whole affair."

"The enemy soon gave us plenty to think about, and kept us closely to our posts. Bullets and shells were beginning to fall right and left."

"One day I was walking in a narrow street, thinking of many things, among others of the home I was not at all certain of seeing again, when I heard a shell whizz by above my head. In spite of myself I stooped, saying to myself as I did so, 'One more that is not for me.' But I made a mistake. The shell struck a steeple close by and burst, covering me with mortar and stones. I was stunned. When I came to myself I was in one of the hospital beds, one mass of bruises and bandages. I happened to be under the care of Doctor Durand, and my bed was by the side of the one occupied by the Russian non-commissioned officer."

"I spent long weary hours there, no more able to move than a child in swaddling clothes. I counted one by one the hours of the night, longing for the morning. I watched the light as it dawned and spread across the rafters of the ceiling, and then, as it withdrew in the evening, and the dim night lights were placed here and there in the ward, while all sank into silence again."

"As soon as I could move my head without groaning, I began to observe my neighbor. He had a fine, handsome face, with a cold, resolute expression. He bore all pain without a murmur; indeed, his whole appearance and demeanour were thoroughly soldier-like."

"One day the doctor was sitting by my side, trying to beguile the time by telling me all the news of the place, our conversation happened to turn to the singular effect produced by frost."

"Sometimes," said the doctor, "the bravest take fright and turn their backs to the enemy in a moment of peril without thinking. Others, on the contrary, run straight in the face of danger in the same way that game sometimes flies right in front of the sportsman's gun. Your neighbor evidently was one of this sort. He has every appearance of a brave fellow; but his imagination played him a trick, and it was really fright which brought him, like a hare, to face the shots of our Grenadiers."

"At these words the Russian raised himself up on the bed, and turning first pale, then crimson, he said with flashing eyes: 'It is a lie, doctor. What I did was under a curse; but I am not a coward.'"

"The doctor fairly bounded from his chair with surprise. He had not the faintest suspicion that his patient could speak, or even understand, French. He was so taken aback that he could only take refuge in silence, and leave me to question the young officer."

"What makes you say you are under a curse?" I asked.

"He did not reply at once, but lay back on his pillow, gazing steadily at me and biting his lips. He seemed to be making up his mind; after a few minutes he spoke again:

"Since my crime is atoned for, and heaven would not accept the life I offered, I may speak. Believe me, I am no coward though a pair of baby shoes brought me here. Until one fatal day, of which I am about to tell you, I was an honorable, upright and happy man. I have always been a brave soldier, I have been in many campaigns and battles, but I would never stoop to pillage or steal. Some months ago, I was lodged in a German family where I was treated with every kindness, which is, perhaps, easy to understand, as the Russians are the allies of the Germans. One night, when preparing for bed, in the comfortable little room which had been given up to me, my eye fell upon a little parcel lying on a shelf. I am not generally inquisitive, and what evil spirit can have led me to touch that little parcel, I do not know. Curiosity, however, got the better of me. I opened one end of the paper, and what should I see but a pair of the loveliest white kid shoes I had ever beheld. They were evidently the best shoes of the young child of the house, who was exactly the same age as my own baby girl."

"I instantly became possessed of but one thought; how much I should like to send them to my child."

"I went to bed and dreamed about those shoes; the next morning I took them in my hands once more, and had another look at them; just then I heard the trumpet call to horse, and forgetful of everything, including all that I owed in return for the generous hospitality which had been extended to me, I stuffed the little shoes into my pocket and rushed into the street."

"We left the town in such haste that I had no time to reconsider my action, and when I realized what I had done it was too late. I sent the little shoes home to my wife, but I could not bring myself to tell her how I came by them, and somehow began to have a presentiment they would bring misfortune upon the child, and I would have given anything never to have touched them."

"The doctor here tried to prevent his patient from talking any more, seeing that he was growing very excited and feverish, but he could not restrain him."

"You must know all now," he said, "with a look of wild anguish in his eyes, the child died the night of that theft, so you see I killed her. Since the day on which I knew she had gone, and that I brought this loss upon myself by my crime, I have had no rest, and my sleep is troubled with dreams and warnings; it has been revealed to me, even the atonement I had to make."

"What has been revealed to you?" asked one of the nurses standing by."

"The young soldier shook his head

slowly, and made the sign of the cross across his lips."

"That is a secret," he replied, "I may not tell you if I would; but you see it is not cowardice made me act as I did."

"When he had finished speaking he lay back on his pillow again, and we saw that he had fainted. After coming to himself again he closed his eyes and soon fell into a peaceful sleep."

"Poor fellow! What a fanatical notion," said the doctor, pensively gazing at the handsome young face as it lay in perfect repose; and what a curse war is, he added."

"As for myself, I was deeply moved at the tale of this great sorrow. It dwelt long in my mind. I seem to see it all now."

"And what became of him?" we asked.

"That night the fortress fell, and every man thought only of himself. I lost sight of him."

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

[Progress is for sale in Charlottetown at S. Grey's Bazaar Co., and Carter's Bookstore.]

Oct. 31.—An omission in the mention of parties, that I take the earliest opportunity of making amends for, was the very pleasant and thoroughly enjoyable five o'clock tea given by Miss Dawson, week before last, and which should have had its place among the social gossips. Quite a number of guests were present. Hon. Frederick Peters and Mrs. Peters have arrived home.

Commander Tooker of the "Gulnare" and Mrs. Tooker, are home again, after a short visit. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bayfield have also returned.

The long looked forward to opening of the Masonic Temple takes place to-night, notwithstanding a hitch in the management of the orchestra, pit, which came near leaving the amateurs without any music.

A whist club, organized last winter for the mutual benefit of the members, has been revived for the following season, and the meetings are to take place at the houses of each member in succession, the first meeting to take place on GULLIVER.

ST. MARY'S.

Oct. 31.—Rev. J. R. S. Parkinson and family have moved from St. Mary's, and are residing in one of the new cottages on Neil street, Gibson.

Mrs. Clowes, of Marguerite, went to Queensbury yesterday, for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Phiney returned home last week, after a visit to friends here.

Miss Martha Biden spent Sunday with friends at Lower St. Mary's, returning to Nashwaak Village on Monday morning at 10 o'clock. Mr. James McCusker and Miss Sadie Cox being the contracting parties. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Kiernan, in the presence of a number of the relatives of the bride and groom. After congratulations the bride and groom, with Mr. McCusker, went to the home of the bride's parents, where breakfast was served. Mrs. McCusker will reside at Oaklands village.

Mr. William DeVeber, of Upper Marguerite, is visiting his sons in Boston.

Mrs. Foster visited friends here last week. Mrs. Robinson, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Brown, at Robinsonville, has returned home.

The Misses Peppers have friends visiting them at present.

Mr. A. B. Johnson spent a few days at Lower St. Mary's, last week.

The P. C. Baptist church is being rapidly completed, and the congregation hope to have it ready for consecration early in November.

The congregation of the Baptist church held a supper in the vestry of the new building on Thursday evening, the proceeds to go towards finishing the edifice.

Lower St. Mary's. The wedding of one of the daughters of St. Mary's, and a young gentleman of Upper Marguerite, will be an event of the near future.

LINCOLN, SUNDRY CO.

Oct. 31.—Miss Lillie Glasier has returned home, after spending some weeks in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Wisely celebrated the thirty-fifth anniversary of their wedding on Saturday evening. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hoben, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoben, Mr. and Mrs. Dan. Babbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wisely, (St. John), Mrs. Will Babbitt, Mrs. S. McKee, Mrs. Charles Cowperthwaite, Mrs. Scott Cowperthwaite, Miss Bessie Hagerman, Miss Elsie McKee, Miss May Babbitt, Miss Mary Everett, Miss Carrie Wheeler, Miss Jennie Guion, Miss Fannie Hoben, Miss Annie Mitchell, Miss Ada Cowan, (St. John); Messrs. Schute, Chesley, (St. John), McKnight, Peters, McDonald, McKay, Chestnut, Fowler, and Babbitt. The evening was spent with dancing and games. Mrs. Wisely received many handsome presents.

Miss Annie Smith is having some holidays, as her school is closed on account of diphtheria in that vicinity.

Mr. Stephen Glasier is confined to the house by illness.

Mr. Walter McIntyre, and his mother, are the guests of Mr. True.

Alex. Wisely is visiting her daughter, Mrs. McFadden, at Marguerite.

Miss Lillie Glasier will entertain her friends on Tuesday evening.

ST. GEORGE.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.]

Nov. 1.—Mrs. John Dick returned on Tuesday from a very pleasant visit to her daughter, Mrs. R. Knox, St. John.

Mr. John O'Brien, and daughter, returned from St. Andrews on Friday.

Capt. Mahoney arrived home on Friday. Rev. H. S. Mader is confined to his home by an attack of neuritis.

Rev. Mr. Wright, Penfield, was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Dick on Sunday.

Mrs. A. A. A. returned on Monday from a visit to the World's Fair.

Miss Lizzie Min returned a number of her friends on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Esterbrook and Mr. Mills, St. John, spent Sunday in town.

COCAIGNE.

Oct. 30.—Miss Annie Dysart went to Moncton Saturday, where she intends spending three or four months.

Mrs. McDonald, of Boston, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Hugh Dysart, last week.

Mrs. St. Peter invited the young people to a party on Monday night, and they spent an enjoyable evening.

On Friday Miss Ella May Elliott gave a party in honor of her friend, Miss Dysart, before the latter's departure to Moncton. Dancing was the chief amusement of the evening. Luncheon was served at 12 o'clock, and the party broke up at two o'clock.

Mrs. Marie E. Bourque spent Saturday and Sunday visiting her parents in Lunenburg.

Rev. Father Cormier, who has been suffering from rheumatism, is recovering from his illness.

Miss Bertha Chapman spent a few days at her home last week, and has returned to Moncton.

Mr. Robert Dysart has obtained a position as bookkeeper for Mr. Oulton, in Moncton.

BEAR RIVER.

Oct. 23.—Last Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's father, Miss Etta Miller was united in marriage to Mr. Will Rogers, of Wolfboro, N. H. The bride looked particularly well in her white bridal robe. After a few weeks' stay in Nova Scotia, they will remove to the States.

We have lately lost one of our favorites, Miss Hetie Rice, who was wedded to Dr. Rand. But her loss is Parson's gain.

Bishop Courtney conducted a confirmation service in St. John's church today.

A pleasant old folks' party took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Noble, last Saturday.

Mrs. T. H. Rice and Miss M. Rice returned last week from Lunenburg.

Mrs. H. Purdy is visiting friends in Yarmouth.

BORN.

Halifax, Oct. 23, to the wife of Mr. Hensman, a son.

Moncton, Oct. 23, to the wife of Bliss Sears, a son.

Truro, Oct. 24, to the wife of F. W. Henderson, a son.

Sackville, Oct. 23, to the wife of Thomas Murray, a son.

St. John, Oct. 28, to the wife of William Mitchell, a son.

Lockport, Oct. 10, to the wife of Harris B. Locke, a son.

Halifax, Oct. 27, to the wife of John McIntosh, a son.

Berwick, N. S., Oct. 21, to the wife of T. H. Morse, a son.

New Glasgow, Oct. 19, to the wife of Robert Ross, a son.

Sackville, Oct. 23, to the wife of Charles Estabrooks, a son.

Charlottetown, Oct. 19, to the wife of James Patton, a son.

Springhill, N. S., Oct. 18, to the wife of F. W. Bird, a son.

Truro, N. S., Oct. 20, to the wife of Robert Wilson, a son.

Kenilworth, N. S., Oct. 23, to the wife of George Hill, a son.

Alma, N. B., Oct. 25, to the wife of G. G. Melvin, a daughter.

Digby, Oct. 18, to the wife of Fred Robinson, a daughter.

Parsonsboro, Oct. 25, to the wife of George Verge, a daughter.

Stellarton, N. S., Oct. 18, to the wife of P. Kirwan, a daughter.

Halifax, Oct. 20, to the wife of Capt. Peters, a daughter.

Parsonsboro, Oct. 12, to the wife of Michael Kelly, a daughter.

Halifax, Oct. 16, to the wife of Robert Hamilton, a daughter.

New Glasgow, Oct. 24, to the wife of D. McDermott, a daughter.

Hillsboro, Oct. 22, to the wife of Adeline Cameron, a daughter.

Clarence, N. S., Oct. 15, to the wife of J. C. Kempton, a daughter.

Parsonsboro, Oct. 25, to the wife of William J. Phinney, a daughter.

New Horton, N. B., Oct. 22, to the wife of G. M. Reid, a son.

Amherst, Oct. 17, to the wife of Capt. J. H. Chapin, a son.

Canning, N. S., Oct. 21, to the wife of S. H. Woodworth, a son.

Hantsport, N. S., Oct. 25, to the wife of James Farnish, a son.

Hantsport, N. S., Oct. 26, to the wife of William A. Holmes, a son.

Halifax, Oct. 23, to the wife of Henry Richey, two daughters.

New Glasgow, Oct. 23, to the wife of James McNeil, Jr., a daughter.

Hantsport, Oct. 15, to the wife of Capt. Clarence Connelley, a son.

Woodside, N. S., Oct. 15, to the wife of J. Robertson, a son.

Turtle Creek, N. B., Oct. 15, to the wife of H. B. Barry, a daughter.

Hantsport, N. S., Oct. 16, to the wife of E. I. Smith, a daughter.

Hantsport, N. S., Oct. 24, to the wife of Keisler Francis, a daughter.

Upper St. Mary's, N. S., Oct. 15, to the wife of Martin Smith, a son.

Hammond Plains, N. S., Oct. 21, to the wife of John Rouman, a son.

Lawrencetown, N. S., Oct. 25, to the wife of Rev. L. Myrtle Wightman, a son.

Carleton, Oct. 26, James S. Smith to Emma Godfrey, Oromocto, Oct. 23, Thomas McElroy to Winifred McElroy, a daughter.

St. John, Oct. 24, by Rev. Job Shenton, Fred Green to Minnie Fots.

Digby, Oct. 23, by Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Raymond Smith to Ursula Hines.

St. John, Oct. 18, by Rev. W. E. Read, Gilbert Coy to Myrtle Randall.

Fredericton, Oct. 27, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, James Booker to Phoebe Keen.

Centreville, Oct. 21, by Rev. H. Cavill, George A. McBean to Stanley.

Fairville, Oct. 18, by Rev. Chas. Collins, Daniel Sexton to Nellie Calman.

Halifax, Oct. 20, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, Herbert Dixon to Martha Dallas.

Fredericton, Oct. 24, by Rev. S. P. Kierman, James McCloskey to Sadie Cox.

Newcastle, Oct. 24, by Rev. W. Atkins, Edward Tushie to Jane Sheridan.

Sussex, Oct. 25, by Rev. J. O. Crisp, Dr. James O. Calkin to Alice Kyles.

Truro, Oct. 18, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, Alfred Phil. Jones to Flora J. Whidden.

Javeline, N. B., Oct. 24, by Rev. W. Wass, William Smith to Alice M. DeWitt.

Halifax, Oct. 24, by Rev. W. E. Hall, Henry J. Whitehead to Edith Westcott.

Winchester, Oct. 24, by Rev. E. Kennedy, Edward J. Whitehead to Jennie Smith.

Berwick, Oct. 24, by Rev. E. E. Daley, Rev. Harry S. Shaw to Lavinia Estabrook.

Moncton, Oct. 19, by Rev. W. W. Weeks, James M. Smith to Lenora Crossman.

Halifax, Oct. 18, by Rev. E. F. Torrance, Algernon F. B. Croton to Edith Hall.

St. John, Oct. 25, by Rev. Dr. McRae, George Browning to Mary A. Hall.

Wolville, N. S., Oct. 25, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, E. J. Cogswell to Bessie Randall.