

## THE MISSING COAT.

I never told anybody how very, very near I was to death that night, just a year ago; but as I can now look back and calmly recall each thought, each word, each act, I will write it down as a warning to all who may find themselves similarly circumstanced, hoping, with all my heart, that the number may be few.

In the first place, my name is Frederick Putnam. I am, and have been for the last ten years, the foreman and bookkeeper of the large lumbering establishment of William Winston and Co., and hope to be for another decade, unless something better turns up. Mr. Winston is the resident partner and manager of the manufacturing part of the business. The other members of the firm, of whom there are two, live in the city, at the foot of the lake, and attend to the sales of lumber, which we send them by vessel.

This is far the largest share of what the mill cuts, though the amount of our sales directly from the mill to supply the country to the west of us is quite large.

Well, one cold evening, just as I was preparing for home, I heard footsteps on the crunching snow outside, and presently the office door flew open, as though someone in haste had given it a push, admitting a tall, stout, well-dressed man, with a small travelling-bag in one hand and a shawl thrown over his arm.

I was alone, Mr. Winston having gone to the house some half an hour before, locking the safe in which we kept our books and papers, and taking the key with him as usual. I had already closed the damper to the stove, put on my overcoat, and was just in the act of turning down the lamp—but, of course, I waited.

"Good evening, sir," said the man, bustling up to the stove, and kicking the damper open with his foot. "Has Winston gone to the house?"

I answered that he had.

"Where? I was afraid of it."

He drew out his watch—a very fine one, I thought.

"I shall not have time to go up," he said. "The train is due in fifteen minutes."

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

"I wanted to leave some money with Winston. I intended to stop in town a day or two, but I have just got a despatch that calls me home."

"What name, sir?"

"Anderson, of Andersonville."

I knew him then, though I had seen him but once before. He had been one of our best West customers. I say had been for the reason that during the past year his payments had not been so prompt. In fact, he was considerably behind, and Winston had that very day told me to write to him, and "punch him up a little," as he expressed it. The letter was then in the breast pocket of my overcoat.

"You can leave the money with me, sir, and I will give you a receipt."

He seemed to hesitate, which nettled me somewhat. I never blamed anybody since, however.

"How much is my bill?" he asked, eyeing me sharply.

I answered promptly, for I had struck the balance not more than a half an hour before.

"Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents."

"Humph! Less than I supposed. Write me out a receipt for that amount."

He left the stove and came and looked over my shoulder while I wrote.

"It is all right, Mr. Putnam. I know you now. You've been with Winston a long time. I can tell your signature anywhere."

He drew from an inside pocket a large black wallet, very round and full, and counting out eleven different piles of bank-notes he told me to take them. It was a short and easy task, for each pile contained just 100 bills. The balance was in fives, tens, and twenties, and took more time to count them; but at last we got it so that both were satisfied.

At this moment we heard the whistle from the station. Anderson sprang for his travelling-bag, and giving me a hasty handshake he counted the money again. Finding it all right, I wrapped a piece of newspaper around it, and slipped it into my overcoat pocket. I did not feel quite easy to have so much money about me; but as Winston's house was at least a mile distant I concluded to keep it until morning, when I could deposit it in the bank.

I closed the damper again, drew on my gloves, took the key from the nail just over the door, and stepped up to put out the light. As I did so, I saw a bit of paper on the floor, which on picking up I saw was the receipt I wrote for Mr. Anderson. He had dropped it in his hurry. I put it in my pocket, and thought no more about it; only that I would mail it to him. I would have done it then, but as the last mail for that day had gone out on the train which took Mr. Anderson, I could do it just as well in the morning. Then, too, I was in something of a hurry that night, for I had an appointment; and I may as well state here that it was with a young lady who I hoped would be my wife before many months.

I hastened to my boarding house, ate my supper, and then went over to Mr. Warner's, wearing the coat with the money in it, as I did not feel easy about leaving it in my room. Carrie was at home, of course, as she was expecting me, and leaving my hat and coat in the hall, I went into the parlour. I do not think a repetition of our conversation would be very interesting, so I will pass it over, merely remarking that nothing occurred to disturb me, until I rose to take my leave.

Carrie went into the hall for my coat and hat, that I might put them on by the warm fire; but she came back with only my hat. "Why, Fred, you certainly did not venture out on such a night at this without an overcoat?"

"No coat!" I exclaimed, in a dazed sort of way; for the thought of the money flashed upon me so suddenly that it almost stunned me.

The next moment I tore past her like a madman, as I was. The coat was gone!

Then I was unnerved. I grasped at the stairrail, and caught it just in time to support myself. Carrie came running out, her face pale with alarm.

"Oh, Fred! are you ill? Let me call mother and the doctor! You are as white as a sheet."

"No, no, Carrie!" I entreated. "There, I am better now."

"And I was better. I was strong, all at once—desperately strong. And what

brought about this change? That simple receipt which I had in my pocket. Anderson had nothing to show that the money had been paid; and was not my unaided word as good as his?"

I was foolish enough to believe that I could brave it through, and I grew confident and quite easy at once.

"There, Carrie, I am much better now. The room was too warm, I guess. So some sneaking thief has dodged in and stolen my coat? Well, let it go. It was an old one, and now I'll have a better one."

"But there was nothing in the pockets?" asked Carrie.

It is strange how suspicious guilt will make us. I really thought Carrie suspected me, and an angry reply was on the end of my tongue. I suppressed it, however, and uttered a falsehood instead.

"Nothing of consequence, Carrie. A good pair of gloves and some other trifling notions."

"I am glad it is not worse, Fred. Now, if you will wait just a moment, I will get you one of father's coats to wear home."

Thus equipped, I left her. You may guess that my slumbers that night were not very sound, nor very refreshing. I never passed a more miserable night, and in the morning my haggard looks were the subject of remark.

"Why, Fred, you look as though you met a legion of ghosts last night," said Winston. "What is the matter?"

"I had a bad night of it," I answered, with a sickly smile.

"And you'll have another if you're not careful; you had better keep quiet to-day. By the way, did you write to Anderson?"

I do not know how I managed to reply, for the question set me shivering from head to foot, and I was so weak that I could scarcely sit in my chair. I must have answered in the affirmative, however, for he said:

"Then we may look for something from him to-morrow or next day."

Immediately afterwards he added:—

"Why, Fred, you shiver as though you had the ague, and you are sweating like a butcher! You're ill, man. Come, jump into my trap, and I'll take you home."

I was glad of the chance to get away, and on reaching my room I locked myself in.

Ah! those were terrible hours that I passed, and night coming on brought me no relief. Can you not guess what I was meditating? Coward that I was, I had at last resolved on self-destruction.

I commenced my preparation with the same calmness and deliberation that I would have used in the most common transaction. I wrote a short explanation for Carrie, another for Mr. Winston, a third to my poor mother, and I sealed them all. In a fourth envelope I inclosed the receipt to Mr. Anderson. All this accomplished, I went to my secretaire and took out my weapon of death. It was simply a revolver, small and insignificant enough in appearance, but all-sufficient.

Having examined the cartridges to make sure that there would be no failure, I sat down before the fire, and lifting the revolver, I placed its cold, death-like muzzle against my forehead. In another second, I should have been lifeless; but just as my finger began to press the trigger, there came a tap on my door. It startled me, and, hastily concealing my weapon, I called out that I could admit no one.

"Not me, Fred?"

"I know Carrie's voice, and a yearning to look on her loved face got the mastery of me. Quietly slipping the tell-tale letters, which I had left on the table, into my pocket, I opened the door.

"Oh, Fred, you are really ill!" exclaimed Carrie the moment the light fell on my face. Why did you not send for me? Aren't you better?"

"Worse," I answered, huskily; but, Carrie—good heavens!"

As I uttered this exclamation I started back, and then forward; and then—I scarcely know what, for hanging across Carrie's arm was my overcoat! Recovering from my astonishment, I drew out eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents.

You have heard about, and perhaps seen, the singular capers of a madman, or the wild antics of those crazed with rum, or the grotesque dancing of savages. Well, judging from what Carrie told me and from the appearance of my apartment after it was over, I am led to believe that, were it possible to concentrate the three above-mentioned species of demons into one, I was possessed thereby.

But I cooled down after awhile, and just in time to save Carrie's head a thump from the chair which I had selected in my crazy walk.

Then I asked for an explanation. It was the simplest thing imaginable. I do not know why I had not thought of it before. It was simply a blunder of Carrie's father. He had mistaken my coat for his own, and wore it down town, never dreaming that a small fortune was lying in the pocket.

I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed over the money to Mr. Winston, and went right on with my duties, a wiser and, I hope, a better man.

More men make money than money makes men.

What I Live For.

I live for those who love me,  
For those I know are true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For all human ties that bind me,  
For the task my God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,  
Who've suffered for my sake,  
To emulate their glory,  
And follow in their wake;  
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,  
The noble of all ages,  
Whose deeds crown history's pages,  
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion  
With all that is divine;  
To feel that there is union  
Twixt nature's heart and mine;  
To profit by affliction,  
To reap truth from fields of fiction,  
To grow wiser from conviction,  
And fulfill God's design.

I live for those that love me,  
For those that know me true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For the wrongs that need resistance,  
For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

—(G. L. Banks.)

## LOVE THAT DIES UNTOLD.

"Item, a woman from Cloudland who has no history in the past or future, but is disagreeable of the present."—REV. AND KIRK.

I have often thought since, in these gaping grey years when only memory seems to live, how little I knew of her then! So little that it seems nothing when I write it down for in that never-to-be-forgotten May I had only seen her five or six times. She was staying in Grassminster then, on a visit to her friend Mrs. Cathwood, and there I first met her. I knew that her name was Miss Lettbridge, for so I had been introduced to her; but, better than that, I knew her Christian name, because I had heard Mrs. Cathwood call her Violet.

I called her Miss Lettbridge of course, but I never thought of her save as Violet after that.

For the rest, I had sat with her several times in Mrs. Cathwood's pretty drawing-room, talking of many things. I had played the accompaniments of two songs she sang—I have those songs with me yet. I shall never forget how she sang them. Then once, too, I was crossing the cathedral-close in a shower, and saw her returning from a walk. I offered her the shelter of my umbrella, and we walked home together.

Why could I not be content with these recollections? Alas! when was man ever content with present things? I wanted her, herself, and forever. I argued as young men will: "I was right; I was not ill-looking; above all, I assumed on my great love for her. Surely that could not be set aside!"

So I lingered with her in the old-fashioned garden, between the thick, dark, yew hedges, and poured out what was setting in my soul. She was stronger in spirit than any woman I have ever known, and consequently gentler, my love lost. But when I had spoken she gave me such a piteous look with her beautiful eyes and turned so pale, that I almost cursed myself for the pain I had caused her. I would have put my arm around her to support her, but she stepped back a pace with a pleading glance, and I stood still.

"Please don't; it can never be," she murmured.

"Why—why not?" I asked thickly.

Then her strength reasserted itself.

"Oh! you do not know enough of me," she explained softly. "I am not at all like you think I am. What do you know of me?" she continued earnestly, "that you should wish to marry me?"

"I know you—yourself, and love you as you are," I answered triumphantly.

"No, no," she said sadly; "there is my past, of which you know nothing. Only tell me, my kind, good friend, the reason why you should wish to marry me."

Next day I was busy making preparations for my journey. I had decided to go to South Africa, for I felt more than ever the necessity to begin a new life in new surroundings. But the last crushing blow was yet to fall. When I took up the evening paper—but I cannot tell the tragedy with the barbarous calmness of the press even now. There had been a brutal murder in the West End during the previous night. My angel was found dead in bed, with a knife buried in her gentle heart; but Arnold Royte had escaped from justice—No one knew where he had gone.

Many years have passed since I settled in the cape. Long ago I heard from my kind friend Mrs. Cathwood how her old schoolfellow had been married to Royte, and finding too late his villainous character, had done all in her power to reclaim him. But it was a hopeless task. Once, and only once, the devoted wife had been lured beyond endurance, and left him for a few weeks to seek seclusion and relief with her old friend at Grassminster. She had resumed her maiden name then without a thought of harm; but Mrs. Cathwood told me she bitterly reproached herself even for that after my unfortunate declaration.

Oh, my poor saint! Long—long after she lay under the dais; the black blood of Cain surged in my soul, and I craved to meet Royte again. I would follow him to the end of the earth, and if he had a hundred lives, take them all from him one by one. But gradually a better spirit came over me. Was it my guardian angel reminding me of my last promise to her? I like to think so, and I have humbly tried to live more as she would have me since then.

One day last summer, as I was riding in the direction of Kimberley, I saw a man on horseback hotly pursued by three others. The chase of a diamond thief was not a new sight to me, but I thought I would see how it all ended. So I gathered my horse together and galloped towards them. The thief was loosing ground rapidly, and I saw him turn in his saddle and empty his long revolver recklessly at his pursuers, without effect.

The two foremost promptly returned his fire, and just as I came up with him he dropped from his saddle with a groan. As I bent over him a fiendish look came into his face. With an effort he raised himself, and snatched off his empty revolver at me. A faint rattling sound from his dry lips as he fell back balled—and dead.

It was Arnold Royte.

His Own Patient.

During the last illness of Dr. Cibra, a celebrated French physician, he was attacked with d-d-irium, on recovering from which he felt his own pulse, mistaking himself for one of his own patients.

"Why was I not called in before?" said he. "It is too late. Has the gentleman been bled?"

His attendant answered in the negative.

"Then he is a dead man," answered Cibra; "he will not live six hours."

And his prediction was verified.

## BORN.

Truro, Oct. 13, to the wife of George Craig, a son.

Kingston, Oct. 2, to the wife of George Martin, a son.

Yarmouth, Oct. 7, to the wife of A. H. Treiry, a son.

St. John, Oct. 14, to the wife of B. R. Macaulay, a son.

Cape Tormentine, Oct. 6, to the wife of J. R. Barry, a son.

St. John, Oct. 12, to the wife of Thomas A. Dunlop, a son.

Dartmouth, Oct. 11, to the wife of Thomas Notting, a son.

Bass River, Oct. 9, to the wife of John D. Fulton, a son.

Halifax, Oct. 10, to the wife of James P. Jackson, a daughter.

Halifax, Oct. 9, to the wife of James McDonald, a daughter.

Dartmouth, Oct. 8, to the wife of H. S. Congdon, a daughter.

Clyde, N. S., Oct. 1, to the wife of James Boyd, a daughter.

Amherst, Oct. 11, to the wife of John Blanche, a daughter.

Halifax, Oct. 13, to the wife of James Bennett, a daughter.

Sackville, Oct. 10, to the wife of Edward Hutchinson, a son.

Boone Bay, Nfld., Oct. 2, to the wife of John Silver, a son.

Pictou, Sept. 17, to the wife of James McDonald, a daughter.

Bridgetown, Sept. 23, to the wife of Alden Walker, a daughter.

Stellarton, N. S., Sept. 23, to the wife of Ross McLeod, a son.

Ingilville, Sept. 24, to the wife of Leander M. Beale, a son.

Jardineville, N. B., Sept. 26, to the wife of George Orr, Jr., a son.

Fenwick, N. S., Oct. 9, to the wife of Albert Ripley, a daughter.

North Sydney, C. B., Sept. 25, to the wife of Chas. E. Allen, a son.

Bear Point, N. S., Oct. 5, to the wife of Howard E. Shaw, a son.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Oct. 4, to the wife of W. A. Weeks, Jr., a son.

Kempton, N. S., Sept. 27, to the wife of K. J. McLean, a daughter.

Meadowdale, N. S., Sept. 27, to the wife of Stephen Payson, a daughter.

Charlottetown, Oct. 11, to the wife of Dr. S. R. Jenkins, a daughter.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Sept. 30, to the wife of Fred E. Rowe, a son.

North Sydney, C. B., Oct. 5, to the wife of E. H. Archibald, a daughter.

Paradise West, N. S., Sept. 28, to the wife of Clayton Saunders, a son.

Newcastle, Sept. 27, James Martin to Margaret McDonald.

Bridgetown, Sept. 30, John McLean to Marguerite McDonald.

Halifax, Sept. 20, by Rev. E. Dixon, James West to Sophia Boyd.

Halifax, Sept. 14, by Rev. E. Dixon, John West to Leuzia Edwards.

Amherst, Oct. 4, by Rev. W. J. Milhan, F. McGrath to Mary Bradshaw.

Penobscot, Oct. 5, by Rev. B. H. Nobles, Albert Scott to Ida Wallace.

Stanley, Sept. 27, by Rev. A. B. Murray, Arthur Sanson to Katie Bidden.

Annapolis, Oct. 1, by Rev. D. M. Bliss, N. D. Quigley to Alice M. Sutherland.

Barton, N. B., Sept. 27, by Rev. S. J. Perry, C. H. Randall to Grace Smith.

St. Stephen, Sept. 30, by Rev. W. C. Calder, Andrew Logan to Mary McCann.

Middle Stewieck, Oct. 3, by Rev. E. Smith, Robert Hopper to Agnes Fisher.

St. John, Oct. 10, by Rev. G. O. Gates, William J. Shaw to Mercy J. Jones.

Chatham, Oct. 10, by Rev. Joseph McCoy, William Gordon to Ray Archibald.

St. John, Oct. 11, by Rev. William Tippet, E. F. Maine to Maggie Cunard.

Marysville, Sept. 20, by Rev. J. T. Parsons, Edward Pond to Agnes McArthur.

St. John, Oct. 11, by Rev. William Tippet, Andrew B. Kerr to Alice M. Dunn.

## MARRIED.

Nashua, Sept. 25, by Rev. E. N. Parker, Ernest Jacobs to Susan E. Evans.

Middle Stewieck, Oct. 3, by Rev. E. Smith, Robert Hopper to Agnes Fisher.

Gibson, Sept. 30, by Rev. F. D. Davidson, William Surgeon to Sarah Hughes.

Newcastle, Sept. 26, by Rev. W. Aitken, Helen Russell to Lily M. Cooper.

Cheverie, Oct. 3, by Rev. G. A. Weathers, Albert H. Parr to Alice R. Brown.

Wolville, Oct. 11, by Rev. D. J. Fraser, A. J. Chapman to Jessie Shaw.

Stellarton, Oct. 9, by Rev. W. Nightingale, John A. Bousfield to Jessie Cameron.

Woodstock, Sept. 12, by Rev. T. Marshall, Frank Smeock to Hannah Smeock.

Falmouth, Oct. 4, by Rev. Jas. Murray, Samuel McDonald to Lily Payant.

Guyboro, Oct. 2, by Rev. Joseph Angwin, Norman Angove to Edith L. Myers.

Wolville, Oct. 11, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Robert H. Foster to Elsie Fullerton.

Amherst, Oct. 8, by Rev. W. J. Milhan, Alexander Chapman to Emily Bellevue.

Yarmouth, Oct. 11, by Rev. W. H. Langille, Samuel G. Martin to Annie Cavanah.

Wolville, Sept. 25, by Rev. O. Gronlund, Elmore Faulkner to Carrie Patterson.

Campbellton, Oct. 7, by Rev. A. F. Carr, William J. Copeland to Mary J. Currier.

Hopewell, Oct. 5, by Rev. S. A. Fraser, Christian W. Zirkler to Eliza E. Grant.

Pictou, Sept. 16, by Rev. J. J. Chisholm, Alexander E. McDonald to Bella Adams.

Halifax, Oct. 8, by Rev. Dr. Partridge, Antona Libouti to Mary E. Townsend.

Kars, N. B., Oct. 4, by Rev. John D. Wetmore, Henry Brauman to Ida Morley.

Newcastle, Sept. 28, by Rev. W. Aitken, Thomas C. Hill to Martha Sutherland.

Chatham, Oct. 4, by Rev. Joseph McCoy, Amos Wilt to Isabella J. McDonald.

Wolville, Oct. 11, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, James Messon to Mary E. Morne.

Jerusalem, N. S., Sept. 27, by Rev. C. B. Lewis, J. Wesley Lowery to Susie Vailis.

Northfield, N. S., Oct. 3, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, James Drost to Martha Betts.

Gibson, Oct. 4, by Rev. F. D. Davidson, John E. Gregg to Elizabeth E. Haining.

Moncton, Sept. 27, by Rev. Milton Addison, Carey A. Gammon to Lottie J. Bishop.

Keswick, Sept. 26, by Rev. F. D. Crawley, Harry A. McCarty to Mary J. Dunphy.

Dorchester, Oct. 9, by Rev. H. R. Baker, Charles Dorester to Mrs. Sarah A. Black.

Westport, Oct. 3, by Rev. C. C. Burgess, Charles Pugh to Mrs. Henrietta Elliott.

Parsonsboro, Oct. 9, by Rev. W. H. Evans, William W. Chandler to Harriet Roberts.

Beaver Bank, N. S., Oct. 5, by Rev. J. G. Bond, William Nelson to Lucy Barrett.