

THE YOUNG VIOLINIST.

On the outskirts of a great city in Germany there lived a poor widow and her little son. Mrs. Aurlich earned a scanty livelihood with her needle and little Berthold made himself useful by gathering wood, running errands and working in their small garden during the summer. The warm weather was a pleasant season, but in the winter when work was scarce they were often hungry.

But Berthold was not unhappy; he lived in an ideal world, a heaven of harmony. For him all nature was an orchestra; he heard music in the whispering of the great pines in the forest behind his cottage home, in the evening zephyrs, in the tinkling streams, in the chiming of the church bells in the village near by; at night a mighty chorus of unseen minstrels lulled him to sleep.

Mrs. Aurlich's health began to fail and she was finally obliged to give up the little work she already had. One day when Berthold was absent in the forest gathering wood he was detained until quite late. He hurried home, and as he approached the cottage he saw that there was no light shining from the window.

With an anxious heart he hurried into the house and called his mother, but received no answer. He groped his way across the room through the darkness, and stumbled over her, where she lay unconscious on the cold floor.

Very much alarmed, the lad knelt down and chafed her hands and sprinkled some water on her face. After a while Mrs. Aurlich opened her eyes and, assisted by Berthold, managed to reach the bed, and for several days the lad was her only nurse.

The poor woman did not seem to improve. She needed some nourishing food and medicine, but these could not be obtained without money. Berthold begged her to allow him to go into the village and borrow some money from a relative residing there, but this she would not consent to; she was very proud, and the relations between herself and her relatives had not been very cordial since she had become poor.

The widow did not realize that she was very ill, and she thought that a few days rest would restore her again; she felt no severe pain, but was very languid and weary; breathing was difficult, and her head and hands were hot and feverish, while her feet were like "blocks of ice."

It was a very cold day; the sky was dark and threatening, and Berthold heaped the little fireplace with wood, but the heat all went up the chimney, and the house was very cold.

He had only a crust of black bread for his breakfast; the last of the loaf was nearly gone, and he had put the last grain of chickory coffee into the pot to make a cup for his mother. There was no milk or sugar for it, and when the mixture was hot he went over to the bed.

"Dear mother," he whispered softly. "She lay very still, her eyes closed, her hands crossed over her breast. She looked like the picture of a dead saint he had seen in the art gallery of the city which he had once visited with his father. The sick woman opened her eyes, and smiling began to caress his hand."

"Will you have some coffee, mother?" To please him she assented, but when he brought it to her she could not drink it; her stomach was too weak to retain it.

"Let it rest on the table," she whispered, "it is too hot. I will drink it by and by."

The tears came to the boy's eyes, for he knew that the mixture was too strong for her, and that she needed some light and nourishing food. He tucked the clothes about her, and smoothed the pillow. His mother thanked him with a smile, and kissed him tenderly.

"You are a good boy," she whispered. The lad went to replenish the fire, and when this was done he saw that his mother was asleep. There was a deep flush on her face and her fingers were working nervously.

Berthold sat on a low stool before the fire in deep thought for some time; suddenly he arose and went over to a little cupboard. He took from it something covered with an old coat; this he unrolled and disclosed a violin, small, and yellow with age.

He examined the strings carefully, and then, placed it at his shoulder and drew the back of the bow noisily across the strings. Suddenly he heard a low tap at the door, and without waiting to lay aside the instrument he went and opened the door.

"Good morning, Gretchen!" he exclaimed. "Come in and shut the door softly. My mother is asleep."

Gretchen, the daughter of their nearest neighbor, entered the cottage. She was about the same age as Berthold; her eyes were blue as the skies, and her hair yellow as gold. In her hands she carried something wrapped up in a towel.

"What have you there?" "Mother sent over a bowl of rabbit soup," replied the girl, "and she said I might stay over all day and clean up the house."

"She is very good," said Berthold; "I am afraid my mother is going to die!" "Now the lad was a mighty little fellow, but he loved his mother very much, and he felt so miserable that he sat down on the stool and began to sob."

"Dear Berthold," cried Gretchen, "do not cry. The good God will spare your mother, I am sure. Do not let her see you grieving, for that will only distress her."

"You are right," said the lad, rising from the stool and brushing away the tears from his face. "Now Gretchen, I am going to ask a favor of you."

"Of me?" "Yes," said the lad, "it is this: I am going away for a few hours, and I want you to stay with my mother until I return."

"But where are you going?" "Do not ask me, please. Will you stay here until I return?"

"Why, of course, but—" "Thank you, dear Gretchen," and Berthold wrapped the violin up in the old cloth and then put on his thick jacket and fur cap.

"When my mother wakes up tell her that I am out in the forest and that you expect me home very soon. It may be late before I get home, and I will stop at your house now and tell them that you will remain with us until to-morrow."

The lad went over to his mother, but he was afraid to kiss her, as it might awaken her. He barely touched his lips to her hair, and then, after giving Gretchen a few instructions about the fire, he hurried out, softly closing the door after him.

He looked back once or twice, and he could see the girl's fair face in the window watching him. He waved his hand to her and hurried on. He stopped at the farmhouse where Gretchen lived, and begged her parents to permit her to stay with his mother until morning. They were kind hearted people and consented; they insisted on his drinking a bowl of milk, which was very acceptable. After thanking them he set out on his journey.

It was already quite dark when he reached the great city, although the hour was early. At first the lad fairly bewildered with the unaccustomed noise and bustle, the crowds of people and the thousands of brilliant lights which he had never seen before.

But in order to carry out his plans successfully and reach home that night, Berthold knew that he had no time to spare.

He selected a place near a public square and took the cloth from the violin; with trembling fingers he tightened and tuned the strings and then began to play.

In a very short time a crowd gathered around him, but he did not mind them in the least, and played on. Two men, tall and distinguished, attracted by the sight stopped to listen.

"What have we here, Hans?" said one. "A wandering minstrel, Oie. Let us go nearer and have a peep."

They crossed over the street and pushed their way through the crowd. The stranger called Oie, went over to the lad, and smiling down upon him asked him where he lived and why he was out so late.

In a few words the lad told the gentlemen his simple but touching story. The tall stranger stooped and took the lad up in his arms and kissed him.

"You must come with me," he said, and his face and voice were so kind that Berthold was not at all alarmed.

The two men spoke rapidly in a strange language and halted before a magnificent palace brilliant with many lights. They entered, the tallest still bearing Berthold in his arms.

They passed through an elegant corridor with wonderful pictures and thousands of lights until they came to the door of a chamber at the end. The stranger put the lad down and brushed his hair a little.

"Fear nothing," he whispered, "remember we are your friends."

They entered a magnificent apartment, which was crowded with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen. One of the company, an old, white-haired man, came forward to welcome them; the tall stranger whispered something, and Berthold could see by their looks and gestures that he was the subject of their conversation, and that the old gentleman seemed to be very much amused.

He came over to the lad and pinched his cheek. The lad noticed that his breast was covered with ribbons and stars, and he knew he must become great prince. After a few minutes conversation, he turned to the assembled company, and in a strange language began to address them.

At this everyone became silent and the lad saw that all eyes were upon him. When the Prince had ceased, the tall stranger, Berthold's friend, stooped and whispered to him.

"Now, my lad, do not be afraid," he said kindly, "play your best."

Berthold raised his violin to his neck and began to play a little song that he had composed himself. It was very simple, but sweet and touching and thrilled every heart.

When he had finished the whole company applauded, and the prince bade him play again.

After the applause had subsided the tall stranger stooped and kissed the lad, and then took the violin into his own hands, and, wonderful to relate, played Berthold's composition with variation; never were heard such ravishing sounds, and the delighted company applauded loudly.

But suddenly the lad thought of his sick mother at home, and the tears came to his eyes. His tall friend noticed this and when he questioned him the lad told him his thoughts and begged to be allowed to return home, as his mother might be anxious.

The two strangers bade the company farewell and Berthold bowed very low. At the door of the palace a splendid sleigh was waiting and the lad explained to the driver where to go, and the city was soon left far behind.

When they arrived at the cottage the lad descended first and opened the door very softly. His mother was awake and Gretchen was sitting beside her; she sprang up with a glad cry when she saw Berthold.

"My dear boy, where have you been?" said his mother, kissing him, "and who are these gentlemen?"

"We are his friends, madame," said the one who had played the violin; we have come to help you."

They had a long and earnest conversation with the woman, and promised to return again on the morrow; on the table they left a letter, and when they had taken their departure the sick woman opened it and found two large bank notes; the letter begged her to accept the money and promised to give Berthold opportunities to educate his musical talents in the future, and the signatures at the bottom were those of "Oie Bull" and "Hans Christian Andersen."

Would Satisfy Everybody.

Two old ladies were seated in an omnibus in Paris, when one of them wished the window to be closed, while the other insisted upon its being left open. They appealed to the conductor.

"Monsieur," said one, "it that window remains open, I am sure to catch a cold which will carry me off."

"Monsieur," said the other, "if it is closed, I am sure to die of a stroke of apoplexy."

The conductor did not know how to act, when a testy old gentleman, who until then had kept quiet in a corner of the vehicle, said to him—

"Close the window my dear fellow. That will settle one of them; then open it again, which will relieve us of the other and we shall have peace."

More for the Money.

A famous German doctor, who practised in London, was attending an old German lady, and, at her request, instead of charging his usual fee of one guinea for each visit, was contented with half that sum. As she could not bear him down any further, she agreed to pay this, but added—

"In Germany a doctor would attend much longer for the same money."

"Yes," said the doctor, "in Germany you can be ill much longer for the same money."

MEN SIXTY FEET HIGH.

Inhabitants of the Solar World are Six Hundred Feet Tall.

A great deal has been said and much speculation been indulged in with reference to the question whether the celestial worlds are inhabited by intellectual beings similar to the earth inhabiting man. It scarcely admits of doubt that this interesting question will ever remain a mere matter of speculation, but let us suppose that beings resembling men in stature were dwelling on those glorious orbs we see in the vast vault of the heavens, and let us investigate what proportions they would bear to us, provided the length of their bodies were in the same ratio to the diameter of their respective globe as ours to the diameter of the earth.

For this reason we have chosen the largest orb of our solar system, the central body of that system itself, and the most brilliant fixed star in the sky.

The average inhabitant of the planet Jupiter would stand about sixty feet in his shoes. Were such a Jovian to visit our earth he would be able, without the danger of dislocating his neck, to look into the topmost stories of our metropolitan buildings.

A Jovian infant's cradle would be considered by us a very comfortable bed to rest in. The huge soldiers of Ariovistus, whose mere sight struck terror into Caesar's legions, would dwindle into very pigmies were they to be compared with the Jovian soldiers; nay, the latter would coolly pick up King Ariovistus himself, with three or four of his bodyguard, and put them into their knapsack to keep them as animated toys to play with during the hours of rest.

The solar inhabitant of average size would measure a height of over 600 feet, so that were he to visit the earth, the most capacious building ever erected by man would be too small to offer him hospitality. Three or four dozen fattened oxen would form but a meagre breakfast for the capacious cavern—his stomach. On the palm of his hand a whole company of terrestrial soldiers would have sufficient room to go through their military drill and evolutions. What deafening sounds would emerge from those enormous bellows—a solar man's lungs—even if he were to keep the pitch of his voice within the limits of ordinary speech, not to mention the hurricane that would sweep over the land were a solar Congressional Senate to indulge in their favorite pastime of blowing off rhetorical gas.

Would not the speakers gavel calling an obstructive member to order break the windows within a radius of considerable length?

The distances of the fixed stars from us are so enormous that, as yet, no absolutely reliable means have been found of ascertaining the real magnitudes of those colossal orbs. Still it is to be presumed that some of them, by dint of frequent observations, and by applying to them that powerful lever in the hands of the astronomer, spectrum analysis, may be with certainty considered as being at least a certain number of times as great as our sun. To most of us the sun is the quintessence of what is large, but compared with most fixed stars it becomes small, for were it removed to the distance of the nearest fixed star it would shine with the brilliancy of only a star of the second magnitude.

Sirius, the king among the fixed stars of our firmament, is at least so large that, if it were inhabited by beings similar to men of average size would attain to the dazzling height of one and one-half miles—that of a respectable mountain peak. Here we leave it to the imagination of the reader to picture to himself a world peopled with such gigantic beings, compared with whom terrestrial mortals sink into utter insignificance. Still there is one consoling thought, viz., that in a small body there may dwell a large soul and vigorous mind, the one immortal and the other capable of grappling with the abstruse questions of philosophy and science.

Born.

Belleisle, Nov. 5, to the wife of Hiram Young, a son.

Hardwick, Nov. 19, to the wife of John A. Mills, a son.

Kentville, Nov. 29, to the wife of A. Rattler, a son.

Carleton, Oct. 25, to the wife of H. P. Landry, a son.

Bathurst, Nov. 10, to the wife of N. A. Landry, a son.

Halifax, Nov. 19, to the wife of Nugent-Fyfe, a son.

Charlottetown, Nov. 17, to the wife of A. McNair, a son.

Halifax, Nov. 22, to the wife of Edward F. Hart, a son.

Treue, Nov. 15, to the wife of J. Lewis, Jr., a daughter.

Yarmouth, Nov. 16, to the wife of F. R. Trefry, a daughter.

Dartmouth, Nov. 19, to the wife of Frank Dares, a daughter.

Waterville, N. S., Nov. 12, to the wife of Rupert Lyons, a son.

Charlottetown, Nov. 15, to the wife of John T. Clarkin, a son.

St. Stephen, Nov. 19, to the wife of Mayor J. D. Chipman, a son.

Richibucto, Nov. 16, to the wife of Edward Lavton, a daughter.

Dartmouth, Nov. 17, to the wife of William Brand, a daughter.

Waterville, N. S., Nov. 12, to the wife of Wellington Turner, a son.

Central Argyle, N. S., Nov. 11, to the wife of Herbert Hines, a son.

Lunenburg, N. S., Nov. 19, to the wife of Joseph Falkenberg, a son.

Lower Westville, Nov. 19, to the wife of James Allison Fulton, a son.

Port Lorne, N. S., Nov. 19, to the wife of Capt Joseph Anderson, a son.

St. Martin's River, N. S., Nov. 13, to the wife of Zenas Eisenhauer, a son.

Lower Village, N. S., Nov. 15, to the wife of William S. Weatherbee, a daughter.

Married.

Fairville, Nov. 22, John Hooley to Mamie Stevens.

Sydney Mines, Nov. 10, John McDonald to Jane Carr.

Halifax, Nov. 22, Thomas McNamara to Minnie Tanner.

Wallace, Nov. 1, by Rev. S. Boyd, William David to Mary D. McLean.

Red Bank, Nov. 15, by Rev. J. D. Murray, John Tushie to Mary Rose.

Carleton, Nov. 23, by Rev. Mr. Paisley, A. John Smith to Maudie Irvin.

Rockland, Nov. 9, by Rev. S. W. Benson, Harold Hallett to Emily Ross.

Antigonish, Nov. 7, by Rev. H. Gilis, Allan J. Ross to Mary McLean.

Amherst, Nov. 22, by Rev. D. A. Steele, A. W. Foster to Eva A. Prude.

St. John, Nov. 22, by Rev. J. Wesley Clarke, Jesse Myers to Lizzie Logan.

Truro, Nov. 18, by Rev. Dr. Hearty, John Higgins to Mrs. Ellen Weatherby.

Newcastle, Nov. 15, by Rev. W. Aitken, Andrew Crocker to Annie Russell.

Halifax, Nov. 10, by Rev. Dr. Partridge, Rupert F. Archibald to Ida Gladwin.

St. John, Nov. 23, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, Leslie McLachlan to Alice Wilson.

Begon, Nov. 21, by Rev. Andrew Armit, Daniel McKenzie to Annie Bliss.

Sydney Mines, Nov. 22, by Rev. D. A. Steele, A. W. Foster to Maggie Foran.

Halifax, Nov. 20, by Rev. W. E. Hall, Archibald McDonald to Bertha Earle.

Gibson, Nov. 14, by Rev. F. D. Davidson, Clarence Clarke to Maggie McDonald.

Hopewell, Nov. 16, by Rev. S. A. Fraser, Allen P. Fraser to Rosanna Rankin.

Amherst Head, Nov. 14, by Rev. W. H. Edye, Orrin V. Lowe to Ida Weeks.

St. John, Nov. 22, by Rev. Dr. McKee, Charles H. Stevens to Nellie McAllister.

Bedford, Nov. 15, by Rev. Father Young, Norman Purcell to Maggie Christian.

Lunenburg, Nov. 16, by Rev. G. L. Rankin, Thomas Mersey to Rosina C. Nowe.

Springhill, Nov. 15, by Rev. David Wright, Charles J. Waugh to Mary Edwards.

Halifax, N. B., Nov. 6, by Rev. W. E. Johnson, J. M. Stevens to Martha Steeves.

Lunenburg, Nov. 29, by Rev. G. L. Rankin, Robert D. Herman to Mary E. Lohnes.

Woodstock, Nov. 16, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Neil McDonald to Emily J. Boone.

Johnston, N. B., by Rev. C. P. Hanington, George Hornbrook to Elizabeth R. Steen.

Malone Bay, Nov. 17, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, Amos A. Nass to Matilda Weagle.

Antigonish, N. S., Nov. 16, by Rev. J. R. Munro, John Blanchard to Laura Dexter.

Charlottetown, Nov. 22, by Rev. Wm. Hamlyn, Sydney Grey to Agnes Patterson.

Fredericton, Nov. 22, by Rev. William McDonald, John B. Moore to Emily J. Boone.

Campbellton, Nov. 13, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Joseph M. Harvey to Francis S. Chambers.

Dartmouth, Nov. 21, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Benjamin Penny to Bridget Purcell.

Halifax, Nov. 16, by Rev. J. A. McLean, James Carruthers to Mary Dunlap.

Knowlsville, Nov. 25, by Rev. Robert L. Dustin, G. W. Campbell to Rachael Gordon.

Tasket Wedge, Nov. 14, by Rev. Father Gray, Moses D'Entremont to Nelsie Porter.

Bridgewater, N. S., Nov. 15, by Rev. W. E. Gelling, George Mortimer to Lottie Clevery.

Hartland, Nov. 23, by Rev. Geo. M. Young, Webster D. Keith to Emma D. Matheson.

Avondale, Nov. 16, by Rev. J. Hiram Davis, James C. Burgess to Lila C. Mosher.

Upham, Nov. 15, by Rev. J. S. Sutherland, William N. Ireland to Fleta Cunningham.

Lawrencetown, N. S., Nov. 14, by Rev. T. C. Melior, Nelson Conrad to Carrie Bell.

Coversdale, Nov. 19, by Rev. J. C. Crandall, Joseph Nigans to Jessie Jane Geldart.

Ohio, N. S., Nov. 23, by Rev. Truman Bishop, Frank D. Crosby to Jennie N. Wyman.

Halifax, Nov. 20, by Rev. Father E. F. Murphy, Michael F. Gibbs to Mary E. Christopher.

Upper Kennetcook, Nov. 16, by Rev. D. Fraser, James McGregor to Phoebe Dunn.

Liverpool, N. S., Nov. 13, by Rev. I. E. Bill, Thomas Nickerson to Mrs. Sarah Chandler.

Oxford Junction, N. S., Nov. 15, by Rev. A. M. Bent, George H. Stone to Angie McDonald.

New Germany, Nov. 9, by Rev. G. P. Raymond, Charles Judson Wentzel to Libbie Kauback.

French Village, N. S., Nov. 15, by Rev. Lawrence Amor, Nathaniel Dauphinee to Edith F. Prospect, N. S.

Boston, Nov. 12, by Rev. Father O'Sullivan, Capt. Luke Mettrah to Elizabeth Buchanan.

Roxbury, Mass., Nov. 23, by Rev. T. M. Sharp, John Horton to Eudora, (Dora) daughter of Richard Cline, of this city.

DIED.

Bathurst, Nov. 23, John Ellis, 46.

St. John, Nov. 19, David Fleming.

Marysville, Nov. 20, William Worth.

St. John, Nov. 20, John Campbell, 55.

Westfield, Nov. 21, John Keough, 28.

St. John, Nov. 28, Henry Graham, 70.

Halifax, Nov. 23, Joseph Hinz, 50.

Meadowdale, Nov. 12, John Cotter, 67.

Charlottetown, Nov. 20, John Scott, 75.

St. John, Nov. 25, Charles Stevens, 61.

St. John, Nov. 27, Hannah Holman, 48.

Halifax, Nov. 22, Edward J. Small, 74.

Halifax, Nov. 25, Mary Ferdinand Wall.

Noel, N. S., Nov. 30, Richard Sterling, 78.

Middle River, Nov. 17, Andrew Blair, 80.

Shelburne, Nov. 16, William Henneon, 88.

St. John, Nov. 21, Helen A. Ross, 33.

Woodstock, Nov. 3, Mrs. Sarah J. Palmer.

Halifax, Nov. 25, Mary Ann Symonds, 42.

Springhill, Nov. 15, Alice Hatfield, 2 weeks.

St. John, Nov. 11, McConchie Gunn, 82.

French Village, Nov. 20, William McKay, 77.

Bristol, Nov. 6, Mrs. Phoebe Parnell Curtis, 33.

Dawson Settlement, Nov. 21, Zecariah Lutes, 66.

Lower Wakefield, Mrs. Frederick W. Shaw, 67.

Charlottetown, Nov. 15, Margaret Ann Flynn, 23.

Halifax, Nov. 21, Annie, wife of Norman McKee.