

COUSINS AND RIVALS.

"I'm sure for you, Salome, though to tell the truth I no more than expected from the way you've brought the matter up to please him."

"I have sought to rule him through, through my own will."

"Fidesticks, Salome, you are altogether too soft where Harold is concerned. A good thrashing once in a while does a boy more good than kisses and coddling."

"But you must remember that Harold has been my all, and has never known a father's love or care; I could not be harsh with him, Salome," answered Salome, her blue eyes filling with tears as they gazed wistfully out over the landscape, as if they saw through space a lonely grave in a far off Southern field.

"Well, well, Salome, don't fret; it may prove a good lesson to Harold, and though no doubt you are disappointed about the money, I hope you don't begrudge it to Philip."

A serious look swept for an instant over Salome Rogers' face, and her voice grew a shade colder as she answered:

"You are welcome to the money, Salome, it is my poor boy's disgrace, and I cannot let about it any longer today, so please excuse me," and she abruptly left the room.

In the seclusion of her own chamber she laid down to rest, but her mind was far from at ease, for she had been so long with a groan she covered her face with her hands and wept, while her aching heart sent up a prayer for help in her hour of trial.

"How odd Salome is," muttered Caroline Holden to herself as she walked slowly home. "I never did understand her. Well, the money will be Philip's anyway, and he's earned it too, I guess."

Salome Rogers and Caroline Holden were sisters, although as totally unlike as if born of different parents. Brought up in the thriving village where they still resided, their lives had yet run in different channels. Both were married at an early age, but Salome's happiness was but short-lived, for a widow's cap soon covered her golden locks, while a soldier's grave hid the form of her beloved one. Only her year-old baby boy with his father's eyes and smile was left to remind her of her brief dream of bliss.

Sheltered in the home of her childhood, she lived a life of quiet self-denial, tenderly caring for her aged parents in their declining years, and feeding her hungry heart on the love of her noble boy. With Caroline, life had been more prosperous. Her husband, a shrewd business man, had accumulated a considerable property during the late war, and with true Yankee thrift had invested in such good advantage, that at the time our story opens he held the deeds of nearly a third of the property of the little village of N—.

Three sons had blessed this union. Philip, the oldest, was at this time twenty years of age, and a year younger than his cousin Harold. Both boys were bright, intelligent and wide-awake, though as different in looks as the two women who bore them. Harold Rogers was a broad shouldered, golden-haired young giant, six feet high, with fearless blue eyes and a sunny smile. Warm hearted, generous and impulsive, he was a favorite with all who knew him. A bright scholar and quick to learn, he was yet too fond of active life to become a great student of books. It was that his cousin Philip, though a year younger, had kept pace with him in his school life and was prepared to enter college the same year. Slight of build, with dark hair and eyes, a sallow complexion and a quiet reserved manner, Philip Holden was almost the opposite in tastes and disposition from his cousin. Intensely fond of study, he was extremely ambitious of securing every honor that would fall to him through a high scholarship. The cousins, however, were much attached to each other, seemingly drawn the closer together by the dissimilarity of their natures.

Grandfather Martin, the father of Salome and Caroline, was a clear-headed, far-seeing old gentleman, and very fond of his grandchildren. From their childhood he had watched with interest the two boys Harold and Philip, studied their dispositions, and speculated as to their future; and while his heart was drawn more toward Harold, his pride was gratified in the scholarly attainments of Philip, who so determinedly kept pace with his elder cousin that he should seek new fields till the shadow of disgrace that at present clouded his fair name should be removed.

So, leaving the house of his childhood, the mother whose love had been his all, and the new hopes that had come to him in his young manhood, Harold took the burden of his future into his own hands, and in a western town commenced life anew. Believing with the sublimity of a mother's love, in her boy's integrity, Salome once more took up the thread of her lonely existence, waiting with infinite patience the dawn of brighter days. Sympathizing with Harold's mother in her anxiety and sorrow, Ruth Holden confessed to "Aunt Salome," as she had been wont to call her, the secret of her love. Salome's tender heart went out to the fair young girl who was her son's choice, and together the two women waited and prayed for the absent one.

The weeks and months sped on, and Philip Holden's college days were over. With graceful ease he had carried off the highest honors of his class, and flushed and triumphant, had returned to his village home, there to receive the proud congratulations of his parents and friends. A check for five thousand dollars was placed in Philip's hand by his grandfather, yet his words of praise sounded cold and forced. It was from the lips of his cousin Ruth, however, that Philip longed, with an intensity of feeling little dreamed of by that innocent maiden, for the praise that would pay him for his greatest efforts.

Throwing himself on the grass at her feet, as she sat one day in the garden, he gazed up at her with an odd expression in his dark eyes. "The July sunshine lay warm about them, and the air was full of the scent of roses. Pulling a fragrant blossom from the bush close by, Ruth tossed it, with a mischievous laugh, into the upturned face, saying roughly, "What a tragic look, cousin Philip."

Philip caught the rose with a swift gesture, and crushed it almost fiercely in his hand as he said in a low, earnest voice, "Why do you not congratulate me, Ruth? Are you not pleased at my success?" "Of course I am, Phil," answered Ruth a little contritely, "are we not all very proud of our college boy?"

"Pshaw! Ruth, that isn't saying you care, and, oh! heavens, I would rather have you care than all the rest of the world put together," and springing up Philip seized his cousin's hands and holding them in a close grasp he went on breathlessly, "You think me only a boy, Ruth Holden, but I love you as truly and deeply as though I was thirty instead of twenty."

Surprised and a little frightened at Philip's wild manner, Ruth forced herself from his hold.

"Hush! cousin Philip, you must not say such things to me, I will not listen," and she turned to leave him; but Philip caught her almost rudely by the arm and pushed her back into the garden chair.

"You must listen to me, Ruth, I cannot keep still any longer, for I have loved you ever since we were children, and have dreamed, and planned, and worked with the one thought that some day you would be my wife. Have you no love for me, dear, dear Ruth?"

"You forget, Philip, that we are cousins, and as such it would be wrong for us to marry. I could never care for you in the way you desire, for—I love another," and Ruth's face grew as crimson as the roses beside her.

"Is it Harold Rogers?" cried Philip fiercely, his eyes glowing with a jealous fire, while his sallow cheek grew pale.

"You have no right to ask, Philip, and I'll not answer your question," said Ruth defiantly.

"Ha! Ha! I congratulate you on your choice, cousin Ruth. Harold Rogers, the thief," and Philip laughed scornfully.

"How dare you say such a thing, Harold is not a thief and you know it. But it he were I would marry him before I would a coward and a slanderer like Philip Holden," said Ruth passionately, and wrenching herself from her cousin's hold she fled from his presence.

Alarmed beside himself with jealousy and disappointment, Philip started off for a long tramp in the woods, as it is to be found in the gloomy forest the evil spirits that had taken possession of him. The silence of midnight had settled over the little village when the sound of carriage wheels rattling up to the farm door, awoke Salome Rogers from her slumbers. Hastening to open it, she was met by two of the neighboring farmers bringing in their arms the apparently listless form of her nephew, Philip Holden.

"What has happened?" she asked in alarm.

"We found him lying unconscious beside the road on the outskirts of the wood," answered one of the men. "He must have accidentally shot himself, for his gun was lying beside him and there is a deep wound in his side."

At these words Salome's motherly heart took instant flight, and without further questioning, she helped to get the poor boy into bed, while the man hastened to bring a physician and to notify his parents of the accident that had befallen their boy. For many days Philip's life was despaired of, but at last the deadly bullet, that had narrowly escaped a vital part, was found, and though weak from the loss of blood, he was announced out of danger. Then it was that the spirit of remorse urged the unhappy boy to unburden his heart of its weight of guilt, and calling his aunt to his side he whispered faintly, "It was not an accident, Aunt Salome, I shot myself intentionally."

"Oh! Philip! why should you do such a thing?" said Aunt Salome, shocked and distressed.

"I did not want to live without Ruth's love. But Harold is more worthy of her than I am, for it is I who should be branded a thief and not cousin Harold."

Salome Rogers' heart gave a great bound, and calling her sister Caroline from the next room, together they listened to the boy's confession. It was he who had found the professor's pocketbook, and in his jealousy of Harold who was fast outstripping him in the race for honors, the mad scheme to ruin his cousin's career had flashed into his mind, and hushing the voice of his conscience he had carried it out, with what success we all know.

Like the golden key that opens the door of Paradise, seemed that brief telegraphic dispatch that came to Harold Rogers in that far-off western town.

"Come home, your honor is vindicated."

As slow as a snail seemed the lightning express that bore him back to his native place, but the end of his journey was reached at last. Then, amid the general rejoicings that followed his arrival, he forgot and forgot the misery of the past six months.

"The money is yours by right," said Philip, handing Harold the check for the five thousand dollars, "I never could have won it fairly."

With a feeling he could not explain, Harold refused to take it, so it was decided to divide the sum between them, and thus the matter was settled. A little later and grandfather Martin had passed to his long home, leaving the bulk of his fortune to his daughter Salome whose tender care had brightened his declining years.

In this world of joy and sorrow, clouds and sunshine, life's changes follow swiftly one upon the other, and oft the clang of wedding bells drowns the last solemn strains of the funeral march. Thus it was that a quiet little wedding took place before many months had elapsed, and Ruth Holden became Ruth Rogers, and with Harold and his mother left the village of N— for a new home in the far west. In the years of prosperity and happiness that followed, Salome Rogers' heart grew young again, and amid the household spirits that brightened the home of Harold and Ruth, purest and brightest of all those that mother's faithful love.

A Small Li Hung Chang.

"Every thing that is done in this house is always blamed onto me," sniffed the small boy, "an' I'm just getting tired of it. I'll run away, that's what I'll do. Doggone it I mean to be the Li Hung Chang of this family any longer."

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"Oh! Philip! why should you do such a thing?" said Aunt Salome, shocked and distressed.

"It was dreadfully wicked, I know, but I did not want to live without Ruth's love. But Harold is more worthy of her than I am, for it is I who should be branded a thief and not cousin Harold."

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BORN.

Amherst, Oct. 6, to the wife of J. D. Willis, a son. St. George, Oct. 5, to the wife of Jesse Hoy, a son. Lunenburg, Oct. 1, to the wife of Willie Zwicker, a son.

Moncton, Oct. 9, to the wife of Fred H. Moore, a daughter. Parrishboro, Oct. 7, to the wife of A. W. Jackson, a son.

Richibucto, Oct. 1, to the wife of Celim Robichaud, a son. St. Charles, Oct. 3, to the wife of Adolphe Veauant, a son.

Lunenburg, Sept. 25, to the wife of John Gillingham, a son. Moncton, Oct. 10, to the wife of Dr. McCully, a daughter.

Hillsboro, Oct. 6, to the wife of Dr. S. B. Hunter, a daughter. Lunenburg, Oct. 5, to the wife of John Naas, a daughter.

Parrishboro, Oct. 3, to the wife of George Warren, a daughter. Miouille, Oct. 8, to the wife of James A. Howard, a daughter.

Halifax, Sept. 13, to the wife of Walter Martin, a daughter. Amherst, Oct. 5, to the wife of Oslie Landry, a daughter.

Windor, Oct. 2, to the wife of Mr. Naylor, a daughter. Yarmouth, Oct. 7, to the wife of E. S. Matheson, a daughter.

Chatham, Oct. 3, to the wife of E. J. Payson, a daughter. Truro, Oct. 13, to the wife of Fred Davidson, a daughter.

Halifax, Oct. 15, to the wife of Frank J. Phelan, a daughter. Woodstock, Oct. 13, to the wife of F. L. Atherton, a daughter.

Alpena, N. S., Oct. 7, to the wife of Andrew Stevens, a daughter. Charlottetown, Oct. 10, to the wife of F. De C. Davie, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Oct. 2, to the wife of Zenas Moser, a daughter. Charlottetown, Oct. 9, to the wife of W. C. Turner, a daughter.

Caledonia, N. S., Oct. 4, to the wife of N. E. Douglass, a son. Clarence, N. S., Oct. 6, to the wife of Henry Starratt, a son.

Charlottetown, Oct. 6, to the wife of C. R. Smallwood, a son. Niagara Falls, Oct. 10, to the wife of J. Holland City, a son.

Belleisle, N. S., Oct. 7, to the wife of George R. Gesner, a son. Round Hill, N. S., Oct. 9, to the wife of John E. Robinson, a son.

Lower Grandville, Oct. 1, to the wife of John B. Bent, a daughter. Yarmouth, Sept. 30, to the wife of Captain A. Kimball, two daughters.

Riverston, N. B., Oct. 2, to the wife of George D. Prescott, a daughter. Louisburg, C. B., Sept. 30, to the wife of H. C. N. LeVatte, a daughter.

MARRIED.

St. John, Oct. 10, W. C. A. Hagh by Maggie O'Connell. Digby, Oct. 11, Rev. J. R. Dymally, John Connors by Rev. J. R. Dymally.

Parrishboro, Oct. 4, by Rev. J. Sharp, William Conroy to Della Netterby. Oak Hill, by Rev. A. C. Bell, John Penney to Mrs. Jane Steinhilf.

Halifax, Oct. 11, Rev. H. Smith, Theodore Burgess to Eva Collins. St. John, Oct. 15, by Rev. W. J. Halse, Hobeidier Dungee to B. Hughes.

Yarmouth, Oct. 4, by Rev. J. H. Fosbury, Leland Hester to Louisa Fatten. Halifax, Oct. 19, by Rev. A. G. Borden, J. J. Poirer to Sarah Snelgrove.

Wolville, Oct. 10, by Rev. E. C. Hind, Ralph H. Watson to Susan Pryor. Sackville, Oct. 19, by Rev. W. Harrison, Edgar Scott to Lizzie B. Scott.

St. Stephen, Oct. 8, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Frank Dudley to Nellie Tapley. Hantsport, Oct. 10, by Rev. W. Phillips, Frederick C. Eato to Mary North.

Dartmouth, Oct. 3, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Thomas Williams to Annie Smith. Halifax, Oct. 10, by Rev. F. H. Almon, William Robinson to Sarah Hogan.

St. John, Oct. 10, by Rev. Thomas Marshall, Walter H. Arnall to Jennie Bell. Wolfville, Oct. 10, by Rev. R. C. Hind, Ralph H. Watson to Susan D. Tuzo.

Shelburne, Oct. 3, by Rev. F. A. Buckley, Alex. S. Lytle to Mary R. H. Adams. Pennac, Oct. 9, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, Jeremiah Grant to Mary E. Gilmore.

Halifax, Oct. 13, by Rev. J. B. Hemeon, George Garriard to Bessie Ritchie. St. John, Oct. 10, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, John Fitzpatrick to Mary E. Boland.

St. Stephen, Oct. 8, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Frank Dudley to Nellie L. Tapley. Newswick, Oct. 6, by H. H. S. Sweet, Anthony Harrison to Rachel Sweney.

St. John, Oct. 15, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Charles G. Smith to Lena Wetmore. Tatamagouche, Oct. 9, by Rev. Dr. Sedgwick, John C. Bell to Margaret A. Reid.

Chatham, Oct. 10, by Rev. J. H. S. Sweet, Henry French to Maggie Trevors. St. John, Oct. 10, by Rev. H. T. Parlee, Wilbur J. McKenzie to Susan M. Nash.

Truro, Oct. 9, by Rev. H. F. Adams, James A. Fraser to Fannie E. Purdy. New Glasgow, Oct. 13, by Rev. R. MacDonald, J. B. Chisholm to Sarah Chisholm.

DON'T LET ANOTHER WASH-DAY GO BY WITHOUT USING

SUNLIGHT SOAP

YOU will find that it will do as no other soap can do, and please you every day. It is Easy, Clean, and Economical to wash with this soap.

SMITH & TILTON, Agents, St. John, N. B.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Oct. 5, by Rev. G. M. Campbell, assisted by Rev. G. C. Palmer, Lewis H. Beer to Winifred Geraldine McGreigor.

DIED.

Bristol, Oct. 12, James Mead, 81. St. George, Oct. 2, John Taylor, 27. St. John, Oct. 16, Andrew Evans, 68. Halifax, Oct. 10, Jerry Harrigan, 32. Hillsboro, Oct. 9, John C. Lander, 47. Princeton, Oct. 1, Eva C. Sprague, 76. St. John, Oct. 14, George Brooks, 67. Halifax, Oct. 12, Kenneth McLeod, 28. Torbay, Nfld., Oct. 3, Philip Lacey, 41. Southwick, Oct. 3, Murdoch McCarthy. Iona, C. B., Oct. 8, John S. McNeil, 69. Blackhouse, Oct. 1, Henry Zwicker, 61. Tower Hill, Oct. 4, Warren Powers, 67. Halifax, Oct. 10, Kenneth McLeod, 27. Richibucto, Oct. 14, Daniel O'Leary, 77. Keswick, Oct. 3, Mrs. George Estey, 82. Red Beach, Oct. 4, Fannie S. Brown, 40. Milltown, Oct. 1, Jennie H. McGraw, 41. Charlottetown, Oct. 5, Daniel Griffith, 79. Musquodoboit, Oct. 14, J. D. Tupper, 67. St. John, Oct. 10, Robert H. Simpson, 46. Waterville, Oct. 5, Mrs. William Cook, 86. Bay Road, N. B., Oct. 8, Andrew Boyd, 20. St. Stephen, Oct. 7, W. H. Todd, M. D., 62. Low Point, C. B., Sept. 20, Thomas Doyle, 85. Stellarton, Oct. 8, Mrs. Donald McPherson, 86. Truro, Oct. 9, Mary, wife of George Fields, 22. Devils Island, Oct. 8, William Hennebery, 51. Stillwater, Oct. 4, Rev. Alexander Campbell, 82. Little River, N. S., Oct. 3, John Crishek, 76. North East Harbor, Oct. 2, Reid Greenwood, 66. Ludlow, Oct. 4, Ethel, daughter of Alfred Hovey. Beaver Brook, Oct. 8, Mrs. Lavina McFarland, 70. St. John, Oct. 10, Mary, wife of Edward Burke, 67. Salmon River, C. B., Oct. 11, Michael Murphy, 75. Marcelltown, Oct. 4, Emily, wife of E. T. Haines, 80. Bailley's Brook, N. S., Oct. 5, William McMillan, 69. Blanchard Road, N. S., Oct. 3, Kenneth McPherson, 82. Upper Mills, N. B., Oct. 8, Daniel P. Mowbray, 63. Truro, Oct. 7, Gilbert (Garland) son of James T. Ould. St. John, Oct. 14, Ida, daughter of Frank and Susan Roden. Campbell Settlement, Oct. 10, William D. Campbell, 42. London, G. B., Oct. 9, Duncana McCarty, of Sydney Mines, 58. North Williamton, Oct. 10, Carrie, wife of Wallace E. Lisley. Halifax, Oct. 12, Walter, son of Charles and Nora Robinson. St. John, Oct. 13, Julia, widow of the late Edward Gannivan. Halifax, Oct. 11, Janet, widow of the late John Dunbrack. Dartmouth, Oct. 15, Caroline, wife of Alexander McKay, 46. St. George, N. B., Annie, widow of the late James Murphy, 82. Hop well Hill, Oct. 4, Mrs. Tingley, widow of M. Tingley, 85. Central Argyle, N. S., Oct. 6, of paralysis, David Spivey, 70. St. John, Oct. 11, Mary, widow of the late James Freeman, 84. St. John, Oct. 8, Regina, daughter of Jeremiah and Mary Sibley, 46. Halifax, Oct. 4, Mary, widow of the late William Dunsworth, 88. Yarmouth, Oct. 9, Wilbur Leslie, son of Albert and Myrtle Wyman. Yarmouth, Oct. 13, Harriett, widow of the late Dr. James M. Merrill. St. John, Oct. 11, Francis, son of Lawrence and Hannah McGrath. Halifax, Oct. 10, Jeremiah, son of the late John and Ellen Harrison, 31. Fredericton Junction, Robert, son of the late James and Jane Artes, 52. Belmont, Sept. 30, Catherine, widow of the late Joseph Moxsom, 76. Alpena, N. S., Oct. 6, of consumption, Major, son of George W. Gates. St. John, Oct. 12, William J., son of James and Annie McAndrew, 15. Margerville, Oct. 15, Louisa A., daughter of the late Anon Perley, 77. Yarmouth, Oct. 12, Harriet, widow of the late Dr. James M. Merrill, 70. Liverpool, Oct. 6, Frank, son of Charles and Eliza Beth Mason, 9 months. St. John, Oct. 12, Orla, daughter of Walter and Catherine Johnson, 20. Fredericton, Oct. 12, Ann Forbes, widow of the late Cosmo F. McLeod, 74. River John, Oct. 7, Mrs. Herman Wilder, daughter of Andrew McKenzie, 28. Moncton, Oct. 7, Walter McCully, son of Walter S. and Mary M. Bowness, 2 months. Clinton, Mass., Oct. 7, David A., son of the late Levi and Ruth Rogers, of Yarmouth, N. S.

RAILWAYS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX.

On and after WEDNESDAY, October 3rd, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY: Leave Yarmouth, 8.10 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 6.25 p. m.

Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.

Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 5.45 p. m.

Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

Build T. Parlor Cars run daily each way on Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS:

Leave Annapolis Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5.50 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p. m.

Leave Halifax, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 6.00 a. m. Arrive Annapolis, 4.55 p. m.

Leave Yarmouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8.45 a. m. Arrive Kentville, 7.20 p. m.

Leave Kentville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6.50 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 6.05 p. m.

Leave Yarmouth Daily, 6.00 a. m. Arrive Richmond, 11.15 a. m.

Leave Richmond Daily, 2.30 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 5.10 p. m.

Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; for Yarmouth, where close connection is made with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston at Middleton with the trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Kentville with trains of the Cornwallis Valley Branch for Canning and Kingsport, connecting with the S. S. Evangeline for Parrishboro and all points in P. E. Island and Cape Breton, and at W. Junction and Halifax with the International and Canadian Pacific trains for all points West.

For Tickets, Time Tables, etc., apply to Station Agents, at 125 Halifax Street, St. John, N. B., W. R. Campbell, General Manager and Secretary; K. Sutherland, Resident Manager.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Moncton, Pictou, and Halifax..... 7.00

Express for Halifax..... 13.50

Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 16.00

Express for Sussex..... 16.40