

THE PARK GATE.

About twenty years since, Monsieur de Leutral was the owner of a fine mansion near Auteuil. The fame of his hospitality and good dinners, and the brilliancy of his fetes and entertainments, were proverbial, and drew together, in one common focus, the elite of the fashionable world. M. de Leutral was a bachelor, and with him resided his niece, who did the honors of his house.

She was about eighteen, and surely a more beautiful woman never lived.

It was his intention to bestow upon this niece, Emilie, a rich dowry—such as a princess might envy; and at his death she was to become heiress to his immense wealth. But to this he had attached one condition: never to encourage the addresses of any suitor unknown to her uncle—and especially those of a military man. It was not that he entertained any prejudice against the profession, but he objected to military men as husbands, and especially in time of war.

Among the crowd of persons who assiduously frequented the chateau, and courted the society of Mlle. Emilie, was the Count de St. Clair—a gentleman of high lineage, of great intellect and information, who had already acquired a great degree of military reputation, and stood high in the estimation of the Emperor Napoleon.

One lovely morning, just before the break of day, in the sweet maiden time of the year—the gentle month of May. It was still dark. At one of the angles of the chateau a casement was open—a female stood before it; opposite that window, a few paces distant, was a tree, from the midst of whose wide-spreading foliage a gentleman was seen noiselessly descending, who had been conversing with the lady at the open casement, whose anxious glances followed him to the ground. On beholding him reach it in safety, she made him a tender sign of satisfaction. The count—for it was he—acknowledged the sweet token of affection, and hastily retired amongst the labyrinth of shrubs and trees that surrounded the chateau. Emilie did not leave the window until she had suffered the necessary time to elapse to enable the Count to reach the park gate—she then retired; but whether the hinges of the wicket had creaked on their pivots—whether the gate itself had been closed with less care than usual—or whether it was the cry of a human being, Emilie knew not; it was, however, certain that an unusual noise fell upon her ear: she hastily reopened her casement, and listened once more; but she heard nothing further to excite her alarm; and the deep silence that ensued calmed her apprehension.

The daylight dawned, and at length the hour of breakfast arrived. Emilie descended to the breakfast-parlour to perform the honors of the table to her guardian and his numerous guests that were sojourning at the chateau, and, as usual, the conversation was gay and lively, the chief topic of discourse being the ball which was to take place that evening to celebrate the birthday of Emilie.

Everyone was prepared to be amiable and agreeable upon so interesting an occasion; when suddenly the gamekeeper, whose name was Raoul, without giving any notice, abruptly rushed into the room, giving vent to the violence of his feelings in loud and hasty exclamations.

"Oh, dear!—oh, dear!" cried he; "what have I found? We are all done for! The country right and left will be laid waste! Oh, sir! the robbers have entered the park; whether they be Jacobins, Red Republicans, or Socialists, I know not!"

"Who has dared to trespass on my inclosures?" demanded M. de Leutral, interrupting the ejaculations of Raoul.

"Who has dared to enter your domains, sir?" repeated the gamekeeper.

"Yes! who has dared?"

"Why, assassins, sir—villains! Republicans with false keys, that open sally-ports that lead into the forest!"

Emilie now perceived that her cheeks had lost all their bloom at this moment. But Raoul vociferated so lustily, that the attention of everyone was directed towards him. M. de Leutral again silenced him in the midst of his lamentations, and demanded what had taken place to cause so extraordinary an ebullition of woe.

"Behold, sir," ejaculated the terror-stricken gamekeeper, now almost driven to madness. "Behold what I have found!"

And with these words he drew from his pocket a handkerchief, and cast upon the table before his master two fingers horribly mutilated.

Every person present drew back in unfeigned horror, while Emilie uttered a piercing shriek. But in a moment she recollected that her own happiness and that of her lover depended upon her prudence and self-possession. She accordingly succeeded in mastering her feelings. During the silence that took place, after the cry of horror that had escaped the lips of Emilie at the sight of the mutilated fingers lying on the table, the gamekeeper had time to continue his clamorous narrative.

"Yes, sir," said Raoul, in a loud voice, "they were caught in the park gate, and what proves the thing was done by robbers, and that the robbers were numerous, is the fact that the spring wicket had only smashed the fingers—for they were afterwards taken off. It is not possible one man could have courage enough to operate in so terrible a manner upon himself."

M. de Leutral examined the fingers with gloomy looks and deep attention; and then suddenly glancing round the room without fixing his eyes upon any person in particular, he said, with a bitter smile:

"The skin of these mangled fingers is very white, and those nails are kept in too good order to be those of a robber."

Every one of these words fell like scorching drops of boiling lead upon the heart of Emilie. Her teeth chattered; she felt that her brain whirled, and that her eyes became dim. But the various opinions which M. de Leutral called forth from the guests created too much confusion to allow her emotions to be perceived. The indignation of his friends concealed the confusion of Emilie.

Presently, M. de Leutral, having made a sort of half apology to his guests, demanded of Raoul if the traces of blood that were left afforded any particular ground of suspicion.

"Impossible!" replied the gardener; "they stop at the foot of the wicket."

"And you have discovered nothing more?" inquired M. de Leutral. "Nothing that can put us upon the right scent—no fragment of a garment, no riding-whip, no

key, or anything, in fine, which the wounded may have left?"

"No, sir—no! I have found nothing," replied the gamekeeper; "but another fact, which proves that the villains were numerous, or, rather, that there were more than one, is that the knife was wiped upon a piece of paper—a thing that no wounded man could think of doing. This is the paper I allude to."

"Give it to me!" cried his master, eagerly; and he anxiously seized upon the blood-stained paper which Raoul handed to him.

He examined it long and attentively; and during his investigation, while everyone was silently gazing upon the host, Emilie could hear her heart beating in her breast. Suddenly her guardian raised his eyes towards her, and said, without exhibiting the most remote suspicion:

"If you examine this, you will think as I do. Here is the mark where the blade was wiped; and the trace clearly proves that the amputation was performed with a flat point, and not with a knife."

"Exactly what it is!" shouted Raoul. "Those brigands always carry poniards. The villains—the ruffians—the murderers!"

M. de Leutral ordered the gamekeeper to leave the room, while Emilie took the paper and mechanically passed it to her right-hand neighbour, so soon as she glanced cursorily over it. That person scrutinized it with the utmost curiosity, and again awoke the slumbering terrors of the wretched Emilie by saying:

"Yes, there is something written beneath the blood."

"Let me see it!" exclaimed M. de Leutral, his eyes flashing fire, and his voice almost choked with emotion.

The paper was passed to him once more, and, after a great deal of difficulty, he gradually deciphered these words: "M. de Leutral and Mlle. Emilie have the honour to invite—"

He stopped—the paper was torn just there. The syllables of this phrase, thus seen, sounded like the call of death in the ears of Emilie. M. de Leutral crushed the paper in his hands with terrible violence, and now, for the first time giving vent to the tempest that raged within him, he addressed his ward in an angry tone, and said:

"This well—this evening we shall see which of our guests will be missing!"

He hastily left the room, followed by his friends, in a state of moody and suspicious silence. Emilie remained alone, and was now, for the first time, enabled to examine the terrible object of accusation. She gazed upon it—and so well is each beautiful feature of a lover registered on the tablet of his mistress' memory, that she recognized and secured the sad relic.

The devotion of the noble count to the welfare and honor of his mistress—to mutilate himself—was terrible. But that which he subsequently did was far more chivalrous still.

Though Emilie suffered much all that day, in the evening she appeared in the ball room, resplendent and calm.

The entertainment commenced, and the guests arrived in crowds. M. de Leutral—stationed at a little distance from the door—affected to receive them with a degree of politeness which permitted him to count and examine all who passed him.

The hour advanced, and the count did not make his appearance; a few other fashionables of the day were also late.

The festival continued, and some of the expected guests were still wanting, but they were only ladies and old men—not one on whom suspicion could fall, save the Count de St. Clair. Emilie was aware of this, and her uncle whispered in her ear, as she passed by the place where he was posted:

"The circle of my suspicions gradually becomes smaller: it now includes but three names, and already might I select one, and announce myself that the Count—"

At the moment when M. de Leutral was about to pronounce the fatal name, the ball-room door was thrown open, and a lackey announced the Count de St. Clair.

M. de Leutral and his niece were each so anxious to devour him with a look, that neither perceived the disorder which was pictured upon the other's countenance.

But the appearance of the Count excited far different sentiments in the breast of his entertainer; he came carelessly, with his opera card under his arm, playing with his shirt frill with one hand and dangle his watch chain with the other—both being covered with irreplaceable white kid gloves.

"Ah! it is not he, then!" thought the uncle and ward at the same moment.

"It is not he, then!" said the uncle to himself.

Oh! from that moment how everything was changed in her eyes! The magnitude of the danger that menaced her was diminished—her lover was safe—and her agonies of soul were abrogated. These ideas raised her spirits to such a height, that had not her guardian been occupied in waiting for other guests who did not come, he would have read the truth in the joyous glances of his ward.

Several times, when the Count passed near her he spoke with that ease and elegance of which he was the model. The ball progressed, and our heroine was relieved from all her fears.

In the course of the evening, according to the custom of the times, the company proposed to dance a "gavot."

The most distinguished persons in the room were called upon to figure in this dance; so that the Count de St. Clair soon found himself placed as a vis-a-vis of Emilie.

In one of the figures, when the rapidity of the terpsichorean movements concealed every expression of any passion or particular feeling, Emilie suffered herself to squeeze her lover's hand, as if to felicitate him upon a joy which she supposed he could not comprehend. At that moment a dreadful shriek re-echoed through the room.

It did not emanate from the Count—it escaped from the lips of the wretched Emilie, for she had felt, as she pressed her lover's hand, the fingers of cotton, so skilfully prepared, yield to her touch while he was unaware that she had thus intended to convey a token of her esteem.

From that moment a raging fever took possession of Emilie, and every morning did the Count call to inquire after her health—thus evincing his tenderness to the last.

At the expiration of a week he departed to join the army, carrying his secret with him. Emilie and her uncle were informed some time after that, having been wounded in an engagement, where he exposed himself

with unequalled for rashness, he was obliged to undergo a shocking operation. On his return he had lost his sword-arm.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Emilie, as soon as she saw him alone, and for the first time, "what have you done?"

"The most prudent thing I could do," was the calm reply, "in order to overcome the scruples of your uncle respecting military men. I am now incapacitated for, and have retired from the service, and am once more a civilian—and I trust as such he will waive his objections."

M. de Leutral having learnt the noble devotedness of the count on behalf of his niece, no longer withheld his consent to their union; and, giving Emilie a dowry of one million francs, he appointed her heiress to the remainder of his immense wealth.

Sleep in the Dark.

The sweetest and most undisturbed sleep is always enjoyed in a thoroughly darkened room, says a certified nurse, writing in The Gentlewoman. Light acts upon the brain, and those who sleep with their blinds up will find that in the summer-time, when so few hours are really dark, their sleep is restless and disturbed. This is often placed to the account of heat, but more often than not it is the light which causes wakefulness, when, as a natural consequence, the body becomes aware of the heat. Night lights should never become a matter of necessity. A match and lamp by the bedside should be quite sufficient. The wish for artificial light through the night is a depraved taste in the young and healthy, and should not be encouraged. An old lady with whom the writer was acquainted was for many years in the habit of waking up at two a. m., when she would enjoy a cup of strong tea, read some light work for an hour or so, and then sleep peacefully till she was called. She lived to the age of eighty-nine.

BORN.

Belleisle, May 14, to the wife of Joseph Young, a son.

Cocagne, May 11, to the wife of Simon Bourgeois, a son.

Economy, May 11, to the wife of J. M. Austin, a son.

Woodstock, May 10, to the wife of Dr. Kierstead, a son.

Alma, May 12, to the wife of James McKinley, a son.

Berwick, N. S., May 15, to the wife of F. B. Clute, a son.

Woodstock, May 8, to the wife of William Dibble, a son.

Amherst, May 11, to the wife of Arthur Tower, a daughter.

Windsor, May 13, to the wife of J. H. Worth, a son.

Yarmouth, May 9, to the wife of Harry Louch, a daughter.

Woodstock, May 15, to the wife of C. Allan Smith, a daughter.

Shelburne, N. S., May 12, to the wife of E. M. Bill, a son.

Liverpool, May 12, to the wife of Frederick Phillips, a son.

Plympton, N. S., May 16, to the wife of Capt. W. K. Smith, a son.

Liverpool, May 6, to the wife of Captain Joseph James, a son.

New Glasgow, May 4, to the wife of Angus D. McDonald, a son.

Clarence, N. S., May 13, to the wife of Wheelock Marshall, a son.

St. John, N. S., May 8, to the wife of Thomas Hartling, a son.

Jackton, May 15, to the wife of William A. Connolly, a son.

Upper Pockmonk, N. B., May 6, to the wife of J. A. Bablin, a son.

West Pockmonk, N. S., May 8, to the wife of Edward Cummings, a son.

Bridgetown, May 13, to the wife of Allen Greenough, a daughter.

Beaver River, N. B., May 10, to the wife of Amos A. Fingley, a daughter.

North East Margaree, N. S., May 6, to the wife of Ralph McPherson, a son.

MARRIED.

Oronoto, May 14, by Rev. A. C. Dennis, Stanley Knox to Jane Goodwin.

Parrsboro, May 10, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Ernest Everett to Eva Shipley.

St. Marys, May 9, by Rev. A. D. Davidson, James A. Anderson to M. Lint.

Truro, May 15, by Rev. Dr. Heartz, Charles F. Hest to Adelaide Sweet.

Parrsboro, May 3, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Thomas Bowden to Alice Taggart.

Elmfield, May 12, by Rev. J. W. Fraser, Goodwill Clark to Maggie Murray.

Jeddore, May 10, by Rev. D. A. Steele, W. Howard Forrest to Margaret Day.

Salisbury, May 9, by Rev. Abraham Perry, Albert W. Lockhart to Myrtle Lewis.

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Halifax, May 14, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Sebastian Covey to Maud M. Barritt.

Sussex, May 16, by Rev. James Gray, George W. Wilkens to Maud E. Mabce.

Dartmouth, May 12, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, James Donaldson to Eunice Wood.

Frederickton, May 15, by Rev. Dr. Alexander, Elias McAllister to Mary Gourley.

Dartmouth, May 14, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, W. A. Dymond to Irene Bentley.

Bridgewater, May 9, by Rev. A. C. Swainsburg, Albert Katus to Ella Feener.

Folly Lake, May 7, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Eli Reid to Mrs. Margaret Broze.

Parrsboro, May 9, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Joseph Wood Odell to Amelia Ayers.

St. John, May 16, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, Walter S. Beattie to Hattie A. Ross.

Woodstock, May 6, by Rev. A. H. Trafton, Herold F. Ingraham to Mary E. Cook.

Johnston, May 15, by Rev. O. N. Mott, B. H. Akery to Mrs. Louisa Starkey.

Frederickton, May 16, by Rev. J. C. McDevitt, Harry O'Brien to Maggie McDonald.

Shag Harbour, May 12, by Rev. William Halliday, William Devine to Mina Goodwin.

Lower Seima, May 10, by Rev. E. J. Rattee, Edwin S. Dalrymple to Annie McKenzie.

Bloomfield, May 10, by Rev. T. L. Williams, William A. Jewett to Edie M. Fleming.

Woodstock, May 6, by Rev. A. H. Trafton, Herbert Barnett to Mrs. Thirza Miller.

Dartmouth, May 12, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, James Donaldson to Eunice Woods.

Parrsboro, May 16, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Arthur St. Andrews, May 3, by Rev. Charles Comben, Ernest D. Graham to Amy E. Johnson.

Middleton, N. S., May 9, by Rev. J. Gee, Ellisworth Beazant to Annie Belle Lingard.

Sydney, C. B., May 3, by Rev. E. B. Rankin, Archibald McDonald to Jessie Matheson.

Doaktown, May 9, by Rev. T. G. Johnstone, Bradford Odlive to Margaret I. Holmes.

Weymouth Falls, May 2, by Rev. F. R. Langford, John Albert Frances to Gertrude Langford.

St. John, May 21, by the very Rev. Monsignor Connolly, Dennis P. Griffin to Alice Fitzpatrick.

Halifax, May 15, by Rev. A. Simpson, assisted by Rev. A. F. Duntan, Robert Dawson to Mary Cameron.

Halifax, May 17, by Rev. Dyson Hague, assisted by Rev. F. Wilkinson, Rev. Lawrence B. Skey to Mary Helen Kellogg.

DIED.

Digby, May 12, James Fleet, 30.

Halifax, May 16, Dennis Ryan, 67.

Milton, May 12, Isaac Stewart, 81.

Kingston, May 21, William Bowser.

St. John, May 15, William Irving, 86.

Yarmouth, May 17, Charles Tasco, 35.

Halifax, May 12, Mrs. J. Mesurier, 36.

St. John, May 17, George Simpson, 66.

Chatham, May 5, John McFarlane, 70.

Halifax, May 12, Patrick Harraher, 33.

Gagetown, May 15, George Simpson, 66.

Avondale, May 14, James B. Mosher, 58.

Marion Bridge, May 4, Neil McLean, 87.

Coldbrook, May 20, John Drummond, 84.

Rear Broad Cove, C. B., A. McArthur, 97.

Harborsville, May 11, Nathan Vaughan, 75.

Yarmouth, May 16, Mrs. Robert Holley, 74.

Pisano, May 20, Fred, son of James Bryan.

Wallace Grant, May 10, Alexander Grant, 77.

North Richmond, May 8, Thomas Dalling, 74.

Collinsville, May 20, William A. Johnston, 64.

Collinsville, May 20, Mrs. W. A. Johnston, 55.

East Port Medway, May 12, Elsha Cohoon, 78.

De Wolfe, N. B., May 10, Mary E. Johnson, 27.

Alberton, P. E. I., May 5, James C. McPhail, 65.

Shubenacadie, May 18, Christian H. Schwartz, 82.

Harvard, N. B., of pneumonia, Neimiah Bower, 43.

Stedholm, N. B., May 11, Charles Murray, M. D., 61.

St. Margaret's Bay, May 17, John Henry Fader, 77.

St. John, May 10, Harry, son of Robert McDonald, 25.

St. John, May 19, Lewis C., son of the late Barzila Ansley.

Halifax, May 15, Margaret, widow of the late James Hutton.

Middleton, May 17, Hannah, wife of William Murray, 86.

Greenville, N. B., Emma Louise, wife of Charles Scott, 18.

St. John's, Nfld., May 8, Lena M., wife of David Baird, 25.

Moncton, May 17, Elizabeth, wife of Angus McMoncton, 13 months.

Moncton, May 17, Joseph, son of Simon Melanson, 13 months.

Digby, May 4, George T., son of Captain George T. Wright, 16.

St. John, May 21, Rev. William Murchie, of New Mills, N. B.

St. John, May 17, Mary, widow of the late John J. Roberts, 83.

Dartmouth, May 18, Johnson, son of the late Guy Medley, 50.

Halifax, May 30, Lavinia, widow of the late James McNulty, 72.

Norton, May 16, Catherine, widow of the late Simon Johnston, 72.

White's Mountain, May 15, of consumption, William Daley, 30.

West Pockmonk, May 10, of consumption, Mrs. Zachariah Sarette, 70.

St. John, May 19, Della Beckwith, wife of Dr. Mason Sheffield.

St. John, May 20, Lucy, daughter of Archibald and Jane E. Craig, 15.

St. John, May 17, Harry, son of Robert McDonald, of Scotchtown, 23.

St. Stephen, May 21, Annie Wenman, widow of the late J. T. Hall, 70.

Halifax, May 18, Grace Stewart, daughter of John and Eliza Rose, 19.

North Kingston, May 11, of pneumonia, Susan, wife of Joseph Neily, 46.

Campbell Settlement, N. B., May 2, Martha, wife of Daniel Schriver, 70.

Upper Barre's River, May 9, of heart disease, Donald Ferguson, 65.

Southeast, May 8, Catherine, widow of the late Thomas Johnston, 83.

Windsor, May 14, Mary A., widow of the late Charles T. Wyman, 33.

Milford, May 11, M. Elizabeth, daughter of William and Mary Cunningham.

St. John, May 10, William Neilson, son of William and Elizabeth Lahey, 34.

Campbell Settlement, May 16, Harriett, widow of the late Charles Brooks, 72.

Port Elgin,