

LONG TOM'S LOVE.

"Long" Tom Fortescue, the Major of the Fifth Bengal Native Cavalry, and Charlie Meredith, the senior Captain of that once famous corps, both loved the same girl; but though they were bosom friends, neither of them had the faintest suspicion of the other's feelings toward Clara Hodson.

The Colonel's wife knew it. But she was a wise lady, and said nothing, not even to her husband, who would have "pooh-poohed" if she had done so. So she held her peace, and Meredith, all unwitting, determined to know his fate before Clara went to the hills for the warm season.

It was a still, hot night on the lonely plain, midway between Agra and Lucknow, where the Fifth was stationed. Inside the compound, horses sweated on a walk, and the punkah-wallah had fallen fast asleep from sheer exhaustion, while his toe swayed the canvas from force of habit, and sent a little breeze down the veranda.

In a dimly distant corner of that veranda sat Clara and Capt. Charlie Meredith. Both had been silent a space. Charlie felt his heart thumping as it never did when he faced the Gurkhas' half moon blades. Clara's womanly intuition told her what was coming, and she rose to go.

"One moment, Miss Clara," said he. She turned and sat down again, toying nervously with her hands.

Charlie poured forth all his love, he never knew how, but as best he could. "Stop—stop, Capt. Meredith!" implored the girl. "I am not free to listen to you," she continued, distressedly.

"Not free!" he exclaimed in amazement. "Not free! Why, surely you—"

"Charlie, you are too good, too manly, to be treated with any reserve. I am already engaged."

The man leaped up at her words, and staggered as if he had been struck.

"Engaged, Miss Hodson! Surely you will pardon my words. I never knew it," he muttered, hoarsely.

She replied in gentle tones, but Charlie did not hear her. The little punkah-wallah and the veranda were chasing each other around the compound in a peculiar way, while the barracks jumped up and down as if excited by the race. A roar as of a cataract stunned him. He stood there, speechless and dazed. When he looked around he was alone.

"Say, Meredith, where are you?" shouted Major Fortescue, an hour later, rushing into the Captain's room. "Why, man, you look as gloomy as a mourning hen, and I'm simply bursting to tell you some glorious news. Congratulate me, my boy! I've won her!"

"Won—won whom?" ejaculated Meredith, with a sudden pang.

"The dearest little girl on earth, old fellow! I know it will surprise you, but Clara said I wasn't to tell you yet, and I—"

"Clara? Ah! I see. Heaven bless you and her, Fortescue!" said Meredith. "What a far-away voice it was that spoke 'Thanks! I know you would. But are you ill?' he suddenly interrupted, glancing at the drawn, colorless face of his comrade."

"Oh, no! This confounded heat! It stifles one. Have a cigar, Fortescue? I wish the Inspector-General and his review to-morrow were at Hanover."

And so Meredith rattled on, while his heart seemed as if move again it never would.

"Look here, Charlie," said Fortescue; "you are in a nice condition to be around. Go to bed, and I'll hunt the doctor."

And the great big-hearted Major, suspecting nothing, made him lie down before he departed.

The doctor came in, and—heavens!—he began to chatter about the engagement.

"I saw it, Meredith. No deceiving an old campaigner, eh? They are a fine couple. Yes, take two of these pills and go to sleep. Good-night. You'll be right as a trivet to-morrow."

At last he was alone, sitting on his charpoy, and looking at the bare walls with eyes which told of a bleeding heart within.

"If I could see mother!" he murmured. "If I could only have her for just five minutes of advice and sympathy! I must ask to be relieved after this inspection."

And thus determining, he spent the awful hours of the tropical night in tramping down that love which comes but once to man or woman.

The next day the regiment paraded, while the grizzled, one-armed General sat motionless upon his charger, watching the black phalanxes ride past the flag-staff in salute.

"Humph! Good drill, well set up, your fellows. Colonel, I hope they are keeping sweet. We shot three yesterday."

"I'll go bail for these men, General. They are as good as they look. Every one is trustworthy."

The Sepoy who was removing the covers at luncheon overhead, and the faintest flicker of a smile passed over his immobile face.

"Trustworthy! Little did they know the General himself would be cut down by his own escort before reaching the next station. Who was to tell those English of that sudden awful treason which burst out like the death winds from Patna to Delhi? Even now the Colonel's boasted Sepoys were stealthily sharpening their sabres, while their sergeants were stealing ammunition."

A tall Malay crept into the native quarters the next evening at dusk. He was white with dust and thirsty.

"Ugh, drink!" said he. And they gave drink to him.

"These sons of pigs must die. So declares the rajah," he whispered, looking cautiously around.

"Where's our brother's trooper?" queried a native trooper.

"Truly, the token," he re-echoed the group. The Malay picked up his teeth and pulled out a fragment of yellow Indian paper covered with hieroglyphics. He passed it around and they smiled at each other with gruesome delight. Twenty-five minutes later the "trusty" Fifth Bengal had sworn to kill and spare not. Every European was doomed. Such were the orders of the secret headquarters.

The night deepened. Charlie Meredith had dozed for the first time. Suddenly he was awakened by a cracking noise.

"Fire!" shouted he, jumping up and looking out.

What a scene! The square in front of his quarters was filled with black, dancing, grinning, infuriated devils. A bullet pang-

ed and flattened against the wall behind him. He was frozen with horror at that moment, for his beloved grey-haired old Colonel then ran out, his wife sheltering behind him, and all three were cut down before Charlie's eye.

"A mutiny!" he gasped. "The infernal hell-hounds!"

He sprang at the door, sword and revolver in hand. There stood his body-servant.

"The sahib must fly, or he will die. I should be slain if they knew I warned the sahib," said the man gravely.

Charlie ran past him, behind the buildings, down to the tall river weeds and crouched there.

"Fortescue, are you here?" he whispered, catching a glimpse of scarlet.

"Yes, Meredith, and Clara with me!" was the low response.

"Have a care!" said Meredith. "Do not go too far out. I hear crocodiles in midstream."

The heart-piercing screams died away, the barracks flamed up, and the three sole survivors crouched lower in the jungle, while the Sepoys danced around the burning pile.

They had looted the canteen and the Malay was asked to drink. He shook his head.

"The tall man—where is he and his maiden?" queried he. "Search the river, for they have escaped."

The Sepoys passed close to the fugitives that Fortescue drew Clara nearer to him and clutched his pistol. For many a brave man first kissed his loved women and then shot them before he died himself in the terrible days of the Mutiny.

Down the stream the mutineers went, while the Malay waited for them on the bank, close to Meredith.

"Now or never!" thought Charlie. He leaped through the air like a tiger, his lithe form wound round the Malay's and he clutched his tawny throat as they struggled in the reeds. That iron grasp never relaxed until life had fled. He spurned the corpse into the current behind him.

"Good, Charlie! One fiend, and he who caused the mischief, too! Now let's make a rush toward the stables, and then for Lucknow," said the Major.

The two heroes grasped each other's hands, while Clara, calm and silent, but deathly pale, followed their every motion. Fortescue tried to speak. He could not. His lips are parched, his eyes bloodshot, his heart was on fire with the terrible strain.

At last he stammered out these words: "If I drop first, Charlie, don't let them take her alive!"

Charlie gripped his hand afresh in reply. No words were needed. They understood each other.

Swiftly and noiselessly the three crept under the sheltering jungle until they stood opposite the stable end of the long cavalry stables, all aglow with the light of the fire.

Three horses, saddled and ready, were picked near at hand in the road, and three Sepoys stood by, laughing with diabolical glee.

"Take the left man, Meredith. Curse him! My own troop major!" Charlie saluted as he received the order. "Use the steel only. Clara keep close behind me."

"Oh, no! This confounded heat! It stifles one. Have a cigar, Fortescue? I wish the Inspector-General and his review to-morrow were at Hanover."

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shone in the sunlight, forming a strange contrast to his blackened face.

They were on him as he finished his prayer. They rode around him, afraid to close in, the jackals pulling down the dying lion. He held the road for five minutes. There were a couple of saddles emptied and all was over.

Charlie Meredith lay in the blood-stained dust, his death a glorious consecration.

Stern Laurence heard his story twenty minutes later. On came the sortie he had ordered out, Major Fortescue at its head. They caught his slayers and mowed them down with nervous aim, as the reapers do the wheat.

"There he lies," said a trooper. And the stalwart fellows stood around, with blinding tears in their eyes. They watched the living rival tenderly lift that precious form. He held him to his bosom as though he would warm him back to life. He suffered no other hands to touch him as they journeyed back to Lucknow.

Sir Henry Laurence met him at the gate of the Presidency. He lifted his helmet to the procession.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends," said the great Englishman, solemnly.

Both he and Charlie lie buried in the Residency garden together. Clara's eldest boy is named Charlie Meredith Fortescue, and upon the tablet in the Fortescue church, erected to Charlie's memory, are engraved the words of Sir H. Laurence.

HOW TO FEAR WITH SAFETY.

Why Intoxicated People can Tumble Around and Not Get Killed.

The reason why, in a great many cases, we hurt our bodies so much in falling is simply this: we try to save ourselves.

Many an arm or collar-bone has been broken and neck dislocated, in consequence of the natural but perfectly unwise attempt to clutch at something to break the fall; an action which inevitably causes the body to strike the ground in an awkward and dangerous manner. Of course, there are cases in which one is bound to make an effort to control one's fall—for example, to prevent falling into a fire or under the wheels of a passing vehicle—but the injury is generally all the worse for the fact.

A person, it is said, may stand erect with his arms against the sides, and (if he has sufficient courage to make the attempt) fall flat on his back or on his chest without the slightest injury or bruise. He has merely to incline his head forward or backward, as the case may be, hold his breath, and make no effort whatever to save himself. In the same way it is possible to sit upright in a chair, with the head a little forward, and fall backwards without injury—except to the chair.

These facts are pretty well known to clowns and knockabout comedians, who some people think must get terribly bruised in their comic business. As a matter of fact, they rarely receive any injury. Even the higher class actor, in tragedy and melo-drama has to learn the art of falling. The most "natural" falls of an actor as when he simulates death from a pistol-shot, are in reality the safest, if not the easiest.

The writer has carefully watched in the course of many years some remarkable falls on the stage, and has always noticed that the actor keeps his arms in against the body, looks after his head, and then lets himself go.

It must often have occurred to the reader that there would seem to be a special Providence watching over children and tipsy men. It seems truly wonderful how they will fall about without hurting themselves until one reasons the matter out. Why? Is there any special protection in drunkenness? No; but there is special protection in falling as a drunkard falls.

To maintain the posture of standing (in other words, to keep the line of direction from the centre of gravity of our body within the base) is first a matter of education, and always an act that requires the exercise of a certain amount of will and intelligence. Though it be born with the strongest limbs, a child has to learn to stand without any support but the feet, and to walk, while some drops from birth never learn to do either. A man who is dead, or in any way unconscious cannot stand erect, because he is incapable of perpetually adjusting his centre of gravity and thus preserving his equilibrium.

Now, the more advanced in intoxication a man may become, the less capable is he of performing those acts (semi-automatic as they may be in ordinary circumstances) and he consequently staggers and falls. But as he is incapable of the simple acts of standing and walking, it is clearly evident that he cannot be fully conscious of his liability to fall, of his danger in falling, or of the desirability or otherwise of trying to "save himself" when he does stumble.

Unless he be in a very incapable condition, he gets momentary flashes of elementary intelligence, and then clutches at the railings or a lamp post so long as the sense of security continues. If he falls, he is frequently under the impression that something has advanced and struck him, not the ground.

We thus see that the drunken man falls, luckily for him, in the safest possible manner—without any attempt to "save" himself—and so, in what most people must have considered a remarkable manner, escapes injury.—Ex.

Humphreys' Specifics No. 1 and No. 2.

The Bureau of Vital Statistics report 44,370 deaths in New York City, during the past year, and of this number 13,951 nearly one-third were from Pulmonary Diseases, Phtisis, Pneumonia, etc. Persons using HUMPHREY'S No. 1 and No. 2 need not dread these diseases. No. 1 and No. 2 being an absolute preventive and cure. Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and Sore Throat in their various forms lay the foundation of disease and early decline. Consumption often commences with what appears to be a slight cold, to which cough, pain, emaciation, and hectic fever are added at a later stage. A few pellets of No. 1 and No. 2 will allay the irritability of the air passages, cure the Cough, Cold or Bronchitis, and fortify the system against pulmonary disease, preventing PNEUMONIA and CONSUMPTION.

Gave Hing's Harder Job.

Hunker—I asked old Mr. Munn if I might pay my addresses to his daughter.

Spratts—What did he say?

Hunker—He suggested that I should pay my debts first.

CRUSHED THE INSURANCE AGENT.

His Intended Victim Led Him to a Place Where the Voice Was Useless.

"The toughest experience I ever had in my life," said a solicitor of life insurance to a New York Herald man, "was with an iron manufacturer in Troy. I had been informed that he was a hard customer, but a wealthy man and one who had carefully neglected to provide himself with insurance, and so I resolved to tackle him. Upon entering his office and explaining the nature of my business I was surprised at his greeting. It was friendly, even cordial. 'Life insurance,' said he. 'Well, now, that's a subject that interests me. Come with me to the shop; I've got to go there, and you can tell me all about the superiority of your company over all others.' Then he took up his hat and bade me follow him. As we went out of the office I noticed a smile on the face of all the clerks, and though I didn't understand it I smiled in return, for I thought possibly they knew my errand and were congratulating me on my success. The proprietor walked hurriedly and I after him, until at last he flung open a door. It was the machine shop. The din was terrible. A thousand hammers, I think, were all at work beating iron at once. Involuntarily I put my hands to my ears. Looking at my man I saw his lips move, and lowering my hands I just managed to catch his words, shouted above the deafening racket. 'Now, tell me all about it!' He smiled sardonically as he said this, and I could have murdered him. It was impossible to say a word, and so I went out. It was a darn mean trick."

Made a Record.

He—I am very proud of this horse; he only lost one race last season.

She—Dear me! how many times did he run?

He—Once.

BORN.

Coldbrook, N. S., to the wife of P. Innes, a son. Alma, Feb. 29, to the wife of R. Wines, a daughter.

Moncton, Feb. 29, to the wife of Clifford Smith, a son.

Moncton, Mar. 1, to the wife of E. P. Whitcomb, a son.

Fredericton, Feb. 26, to the wife of H. C. Rutter, a son.

Halifax, Feb. 26, to the wife of W. B. Arthur, a son.

Digby, Feb. 25, to the wife of Charles Kiley, a son.

Summerside, Feb. 16, to the wife of Captain Hoar, a son.

Halifax, Mar. 2, to the wife of S. W. Withers, a son.

St. John, Feb. 27, to the wife of S. J. Thorne, a son.

Granville, Feb. 25, to the wife of Allan C. Clark, a son.

Sussex, Feb. 24, to the wife of Rev. James Gray, a son.

Milton, N. S., Feb. 24, to the wife of Charles Suttie, a son.

St. John, Feb. 23, to the wife of John F. Morrison, a son.

Dartmouth, Feb. 25, to the wife of S. J. R. Sircom, a son.

Torriburn, Feb. 28, to the wife of Keith C. Barber, a son.

St. John, Mar. 4, to the wife of Hazen J. Dick, a daughter.

Halifax, Feb. 28, to the wife of William H. Snow, a daughter.

Digby, Feb. 26, to the wife of Frank Jones, a daughter.

Halifax, Feb. 28, to the wife of William H. Snow, a daughter.

Parsonsboro, Feb. 10, to the wife of Walter Chandler, a daughter.

Fredericton, Feb. 24, to the wife of Walter S. Fisher, a daughter.

Mill Brook, N. S., Feb. 16, to the wife of Charles Deal, a son.

Digby, Feb. 26, to the wife of Captain Joseph Snow, a daughter.

Westville, N. S., Feb. 27, to the wife of Hugh Muir, a daughter.

Campbellton, Feb. 23, to the wife of Joseph Beauchamp, a daughter.

Liverpool, N. S., Feb. 27, to the wife of William Brooks, a daughter.

Campbellton, Feb. 20, to the wife of Rev. W. C. Matthews, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Berwick, N. S., by Rev. J. Craig, Daniel McLeod to Florence Wilkie.

Weisford, Feb. 23, by Rev. W. Wass, John J. Jones to Jane E. Smith.

Windsor, Feb. 24, by Rev. P. A. McEwen, Otis Gagnier to Mary Wilson.

Langenburg, Feb. 11, by Rev. H. Crawford, James Oxner to Rosina Komkey.

Springhill, Feb. 28, by Rev. David Wright, S. D. Beaton to Nellie Lormer.

Yarmouth, Feb. 28, by Rev. A. A. McEwen, Otis Gagnier to Mary Wilson.

Ronald Hill, N. S., Feb. 23, by Rev. R. S. Whilden, Levi Rice to Asenath Tupper.

Woodstock, Feb. 28, by Rev. Thomas Todd, Hugh Wood to Julia MacLean.

St. John, Feb. 23, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Melbourne Reicker to Theodosia Crowell.

Annapolis, N. S., Feb. 23, by Rev. H. Howe, Charles G. Sweeney to Annie Perkins.

Cole Bay, C. B., Feb. 23, by Rev. Wm. Grant, Allan McDonald to Annie Smith.

Hantsport, N. S., Feb. 27, by Rev. W. Phillips, Abijah Pearson to Mary C. Smith.

SUNLIGHT SOAP
LESS LABOUR GREATER COMFORT!

DOES YOUR WIFE DO HER OWN WASHING?
If she does, see that the wash is made Easy and Clean by getting her SUNLIGHT SOAP, which does away with the terrors of wash-day.
Experience will convince her that it PAYS to use this soap.
HARDING & SMITH, Agents.

DIED.
St. John, Feb. 28, James Toole, 85.
Shedfield, Feb. 28, Robert Day, 76.
Burlington, Feb. 20, John Baker, 85.
Waverly, N. S., Mar. 4, Skeery, 85.
St. John, Mar. 2, James Culinan, 24.
Halifax, Mar. 1, William Biggers, 69.
Halifax, Feb. 26, Martin O'Brien, 83.
Halifax, Feb. 27, Frederick S. Allen, 79.
Truro, Feb. 25, John C. Chisholm, 66.
Giant's Lake, N. S., John McIsaac, 83.
Campbellton, Feb. 17, Ezra Mitchell, 73.
Cox Point, Feb. 9, James A. Barton, 84.
Stellarton, N. S., Feb. 23, John Kent, 74.
Weldford, Feb. 20, Donald Sutherland, 73.
Pictou, Mar. 2, D. G. K. Edgely, 78.
Digby, Feb. 18, Captain Elisha Payson, 78.
Cole's Harbor, Feb. 26, Edward Bisset, 83.
Halifax, Feb. 23, James Moore Hallet, 69.
Nauwigewauk, Feb. 27, James Dickson, 73.
H. Burboeche, Feb. 23, Elias D. Costa, 79.
Ten Mile Creek, Mar. 2, Mrs. Rose Haynes.
St. John, Nfld., Feb. 19, Michael Power, 51.
Broomington, N. S., Feb. 17, John Allen, 82.
Maitland, Feb. 26, Captain Caleb Stewart, 71.
Port Saxon, N. S., Feb. 21, Jesse Crowell, 91.
Bear River, N. S., Feb. 21, Elizabeth Tupper.
Stellarton, N. S., Feb. 27, James Ferguson, 67.
South Richmond, Feb. 22, Matthew Miller, 83.
Southampton, N. B., Feb. 24, Benjamin Brooks.
St. John, Nfld., Feb. 29, Nicholas Fleming, 92.
Chatham, Feb. 27, Rev. Father Thos. J. Bannon.
Southampton, N. B., Feb. 16, George Pelkey, 59.
Dorchester, Feb. 27, wife of William Hayes, 26.
Upper Sackville, Feb. 28, Benson Thompson, 66.
North Sydney, C. B., Feb. 16, William Moore, 40.
Perry's Point, N. B., Feb. 26, James F. Daniels, 82.
Charlottetown, Feb. 23, Rev. David Fitzgerald, 82.
New York, Feb. 25, John Lottimer, of Fredericton.
Middle Cape, C. B., Feb. 15, Michael Campbell, 47.
Lakeville, Feb. 19, John, son of Patrick Delaney, 54.
St. John, Mar. 4, of consumption, Oscar Hector, 23.
St. John, Mar. 4, Rachel, wife of Solomon Long, 74.
Lower Coverdale, of a gripe, William Balser, 89.
Halifax, Mar. 2, Bridget, wife of Edward Harnett, 29.
Centreville, Feb. 27, Mary, wife of William Hayes, 26.
St. John, March 2, Eunice, wife of William N. Low, 69.
Chatham, Feb. 28, Mary, wife of David Lawson, Jr., 67.
Melvern Square, N. S., Feb. 16, Mrs. Henry Pratt, 48.
Boston, Feb. 22, wife of W. H. White, of Gibson, N. B.
Andover, Feb. 29, widow of the late William Bedell.
Little Harbor, Feb. 25, Jane, wife of John D. McQueen.
Halifax, Feb. 28, Susie I., wife of Rev. H. H. Jones, 32