

AN ASYLUM ROMANCE.

"What I want to know is, seriously, do you expect me to give up an evening to come to your asylum dance?"

"Seriously, I do; and I want you to come because you're a big, strong chap, who can keep things going. I want a man on whom I can rely in case there should be a row."

"At the mention of the word 'row' the Honorable Herbert brightened up visibly. 'Why didn't you say that before, Groves? When is it?'"

"Next Wednesday," said the Doctor grimly. "I thought if there was a chance of a row, you wouldn't back down."

The Honorable Herbert, a muscular, handsome young fellow of about five-and-twenty, meditatively felt his beard.

"Yes, I'm on, old fellow," he said heartily. "Besides, I may be able to help some of the poor old Johnnies. Well, if you must be going, ta-ta!"

Doctor Groves, in his way quite as distinguished-looking as a man as the Honorable Herbert, ran lightly down to his waiting hansom, and told the driver to go to No. 1, Brynston Square.

"Now, if I can get my cousin, Millicent Forster, to come, she'll look after some of the women, and I shan't have to put off the dance," he mused. "Millicent says she is sick of doing nothing."

He paused, as if an idea had suddenly occurred to him.

"It would be rather fun to bring those two together. No one ever quite knew why Pendragon suddenly developed such an affection for the sources of the Congo. Some said it was a love affair, others said nay. Millicent's dreamy inaction would be sure to charm him, and she's wasting her life because she can't fall in love with some good fellow. I'll risk it, and bring them together."

When he knocked at the door in Brynston Square, Millicent consented to see him. "Well, Whirlwind," she said affectionately, spare me any reproaches. I am objectless as usual."

The doctor looked at her critically. "You want rousing," he said. "Will you come to my lunatic ball next Wednesday, and dance with all my good looking patients?"

"That would be exciting," said Millicent, quickly. "Any murderers?"

"Several."

"I should like some one who is really dangerous."

"Oh, very well. Ever met the Honorable Herbert?"

"Herbert Pendragon. He's just come back from Central Africa."

"I'm tired of lions, especially young ones. They are such cubs."

"Well, I've a very good-looking patient who fancies he's the Honorable Herbert. Do you mind taking a particular interest in him? It's a love affair. The man's quite harmless."

"It sounds interesting," said Millicent. "Next Wednesday?"

"Yes."

"I've a new gown—a black and yellow thing from Paris—which is much too good to waste up on sane people," said Millicent.

"Yes, I'll come, and leave mamma at home."

"Very well, then, I shall expect you about ten."

On the evening of the dance Millicent dined early and drove down to Doctor Groves' private asylum, not without a pathetic scene with her mother, who did not approve of lunatics. Groves met her in the hall.

"That's right, Millicent," he said heartily. "My aunt will look after you. Shall I bring up a few of the sane people first, or would you rather have some of the others?"

"I think you need not trouble about the people who are alleged to be sane," said Millicent. "I would rather see some of the others."

When Pendragon entered the hall-room a few minutes later he paused in the doorway and gazed at Millicent, who was dancing in a quadrille with an old gentleman with a snub nose, who fancied himself to be Napoleon.

"That young man is looking at you," said Napoleon to Millicent. "He may consider himself shot."

"I entreat your Majesty to spare him for my sake," said Millicent.

"For your sake he shall be spared," said Napoleon gravely. "What ho there, minion!" to an attendant, "inform that young officer in the doorway he shall have the first vacant colonelcy in my Guards. Bring him hither."

The Honorable Herbert approached and bowed profoundly to Millicent.

"At the entreaty of this lady, whose name we cannot remember," said Napoleon, "we have spared your life. Rejoice your regiment sir."

"I'm afraid I haven't a regiment, your Majesty," said Pendragon, humoring the old man in order that he might remain with Millicent. "Will you present me to this lady, in order that I may apologize."

"Hum, ha, yes," said Napoleon. "Monsieur de Crespiigny of the Guards. (I don't know what Guards," he added confidentially to Millicent, "but I know Napoleon had Guards, or he couldn't have been always up and at 'em, and as I'm Napoleon he must belong to my Guards.")

"Bedtime, your Majesty," said a keeper touching him on the elbow.

"Ah, yes," said Napoleon abstractedly. "I have a council of war to hold to-night. The Allies are approaching." He laid a finger on one side of his little pug nose in a bewildered way. "I don't know who the Allies are, or where they're approaching from; but they must be approaching, or Jenkins wouldn't have taken me away—would you Jenkins?"

"Certainly not, your Majesty," said Jenkins. "The Empress is a-waiting for you with a glass of hot negus on the stairs. Come on."

"Hot negus! 'Tis well," said his Majesty. "We would have preferred 'dog's nose' had our royal palate been consulted, but as it hasn't—will serve. Lead on, Jenkins! Farewell, Madame de de Montmorency. We commit you to Monsieur de Crespiigny's care."

He bowed with polished grace to Millicent, and came up to Pendragon.

"Tomorrow," he said in a fierce whisper, "to-morrow—in the garden—behind the dust-bin—knuckle-bones to the death—a la mort—vous comprenez?—a la mort; and he strutted proudly off in search of his negus.

"Poor beggar!" said Pendragon as he turned to Millicent.

"You mustn't mind him, he's mad, poor fellow," said Millicent, forgetting she also was talking to a madman. "I beg your pardon," she added confusedly.

"Oh, I see," said Pendragon to himself. "This poor beautiful, mad girl thinks me insane."

Millicent felt sick at heart, and wanted to be at home again.

Pendragon asked her to dance. "Just like an ordinary ball-room, isn't it?" he asked, forgetting her madness for the moment as she gave him her hand.

Millicent shivered a little. "So unconscious of it, too!" she thought. "I wish I could go mad also."

Pendragon led her to a seat and got her an ice in the conventional manner. For a madman, he seemed to know a good deal of what was going on in society. He, too, was struck by Millicent's range of information. They danced four times together during the evening, utterly unconscious of anyone else. The fatigue of late struck Pendragon so strongly as he gazed upon Millicent that he swore softly to himself. This radiant beautiful woman was a more terrible sight than anything he had encountered in his travels. She was the one woman he ought to have met and loved and married, to whom he should have dedicated his life, his hopes, and ambitions; and now, when the dance was over, she would be led away by keepers to some padded cell, stripped of her lovely robes, and left to darkness and unreason, only to awake at dawn with dishevelled hair, the wild light of madness in her eloquent eyes. How could he impress his own individuality upon this beautiful madwoman, so that she should remember him for the rest of her days, as one who, had the Fates permitted, would have spent all his life ministering to her? He almost groaned as he stood over Millicent, trying to kindle in her a perpetual memory by the force of his mesmeric regard.

"Isn't it nearly over?" asked Millicent, waking from forgetfulness with a pitying glance at this tall, bronzed man, forever cut off from human love and sympathy.

"It is almost," he said with a sigh, as he sat down beside her. "Now, I want you to listen very earnestly to something I am going to say to you."

He had almost unconsciously taken Millicent's hand in his firm, warm grasp. Millicent nodded, but did not withdraw her hand.

"You mustn't think me mad, too, for saying what I am going to tell you," he said. "I want you to remember it in your days of sorrow and dejection—when everything is dark to you—when you feel as if all things had gone wrong—that even Heaven couldn't help you. I want you to try and think of me; to say to yourself, 'I must be brave; there is someone out in the wide world who is sorry for me, who loves me, who will never forget me. It will give him if I do not try to be happy.' Can you remember this?"

Millicent nodded. It was best to humor this handsome, melancholy madman; but oh! how her pulses leapt beneath the warm clasp of his hand; how she longed to be alone, to pour out her supplications for his reason to be restored to him.

She could see the slight tremble of his lips as he strove to make her remember him; she could see how utterly the man was wrapped up in her; and she could also see, or fancied she saw, nothing but dark days in the future, when this man's face should be always before her, his melancholy voice ever sounding in her ears. She gave an other little shiver, and drew her cloak around her.

"I will remember always," she said. "I will never forget you, and I will pray for you."

"You will remember?" he said, holding both her hands in his. "You will remember until we meet once more before the judgment seat and you are made whole again. You will remember, and be patient and brave, and strive to bear your cross."

He looked round for a moment, and drew a ring from his finger.

"Wear this and it may help you. Remember, I will never look upon any woman with eyes of love until we meet again. Goodbye, poor tortured soul! Goodbye! Heaven keep and guard you till we meet again."

He wrung Millicent's hands in his and went slowly away, pausing a moment in the doorway to look at her as she sat there, the tears raining down her cheeks. When he disappeared through the doorway, she gathered her cloak round her again and slipped away into the hall to her carriage.

Groves met Millicent, and regarded her critically.

"Send me home," she said. "Send me home at once. I cannot bear it any longer."

"What's the matter?" asked Groves. "Oh, it was too horrible altogether! Why did you ask me to come? I didn't know what I was doing."

Groves stopped by the side of the carriage.

"What are you talking about, Millicent?" he asked. "You didn't help me a bit with my patients. You and the real Pendragon monopolized each other all the evening."

"W—what?" Millicent leant back, sick and faint, her breath coming and going in little gasping sobs. "W—what! Isn't he mad?"

"Most great men are, but he's as sane as the average explorer," said Groves cynically. "Do you mean to say you have never heard of Herbert Pendragon? I thought you would dislike him if you knew he was sane, so I said he wasn't the real man but a mad pretender."

"Oh—h!" said Millicent and nearly went into hysterics.

"Be quiet said Groves sternly, although his lips were smiling. "Go home to bed. To-morrow I'll send him to you."

Then he went back in search of the Honorable Herbert, who was pacing up and down the smoking-room with an air which caused one or two of the attendants to look upon him as one who would in all probability soon become a permanent resident.

"What's the matter?" asked Groves, shutting the door.

"The matter is that I'm off to Africa again to-morrow. That's all. Now, tell me about that poor mad girl before I go."

"That poor girl," said Groves, quietly, "is my cousin Millicent, and she is a good deal saner than—hullo! What's the matter? Don't be a fool, Herbert."

The Honorable Herbert had lurched heavily forward, and Groves caught him just in time.

Groves put Pendragon back in a chair and gave him some brandy, looking at him

with a smile which had lost all its cynical scorn.

"So African explorers aren't as tough as people think," he said. "Sit up, Herbert, and don't be a fool." I'll take you round to call to-morrow."

The Honorable Herbert pulled himself together.

"I've been in Hades," he said brokenly; "and the revolution's a little bit sudden. Good-night, old man."

"Good-night," said Groves, kindly, and the other went out.

Groves looked after the handsome fellow as he disappeared.

"I thought I'd killed him. How they must both be looking forward to to-morrow!"

WHEN DRUGGISTS BEGAN.

Their Origin was in Arabia a Good Many Years ago.

It is supposed that the Arab physicians first invented the prescription, and so gave rise to the necessity of providing a special place for the sale of drugs. From Cordova and Granada the practice passed into Italy. The medical schools of Naples or Salerno brought into use the prescriptions of Avicenna and the ancients, and most of the materials came from Arabia and the distant East.

In many cities the apothecaries' shops were established at the public expense; gardens were prepared for raising the necessary plants and herbs; laboratories, furnaces, and the means of distillation were added; royal women sometimes presided over the preparation of drugs, and the court apothecary was held in high esteem.

In Brunswick a princess maintained a drug shop at her court for the benefit of the poor, and gave away medicines and distilled waters to strangers as well as to her own people.

The apothecary, however, had plenty of defamers. Lennius asserted that the early English lived longest when no physic was used in the island. Montaigne suggests that doubtless his father and grandfather reached a peaceful old age because they avoided drugs, and Cardan thought there was much "cozening" among doctors.

But in spite of adverse criticism, druggists' shops, from the fifteenth century, continued to spread rapidly over Europe, and rose to such splendor that it is not likely those of Bagdad or Cordova would compare favorably with their modern rivals.

Among the early materials, precious stones and jewels held a high place. A topaz, if hung about the neck, was supposed "to resist sorrow and recreate the heart." The onyx kept the whole body in good condition. Coral was a cure for many ills; the emerald was equally effective. But the lodestone, according to Cabanus, the Jesuit, was the most marvelous of all, for if taken inwardly, it would restore to the patient his vanished youth.

IN PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.

The Influence of a Big Dog on the Properties of Coal.

Once, when lecturing to his class, a certain learned professor thus delivered himself:—

"I would have you observe gentlemen, that coal, when exposed to the action of the air, loses ten per cent. of its weight and heating properties. This arises through the influence of the alkaline constituents of the—"

"But, sir, how is it when a dog lies near the coals?" interrupted one of his hearers.

"Young gentleman, this is neither the time nor the place to crack these small jokes of yours," severely retorted the professor.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but that is exactly what my father thought and said when he found it necessary to leave his stock of coal for a few nights in the open air, and it was discovered that it had diminished to the alarming extent of over seventy per cent. He then consulted me, as a student of chemistry, as to what could be done to stay such loss, and I suggested that a savage dog should be procured and kept chained near the coals. He took my advice, and since then our coals have not lost so much as two per cent. in an entire month."

A Dangerous Season.

At this season of the year old and young suffer from the effects of sudden colds and chills. Many have sore throat, hacking cough, hoarseness, enlargement of the tonsils and serious bronchial troubles. Such troubles should not be neglected; they demand immediate attention and care.

It is pleasing to note that many of our best physicians are advising the use of Harvard bronchial syrup as a cure for all such forms of cold. No other preparation known to medical men has ever given such delight and satisfaction. A few doses will banish any ordinary cough, hoarseness, or sore throat, and a twenty-five cent bottle will do wonders for those who have been suffering for days and weeks. Harvard bronchial syrup has become popular owing to its honesty and great curative properties. It never fails to do its work with the old or young. The children love it owing to its palatableness and sweetness, and once used they will take no other. As a banisher of cold it has no equal in the world. Every home should be provided with a large twenty-five cent bottle. Harvard bronchial syrup has saved many a child's life.

Truly, an Odd Fish.

Most people have heard of the Gorgon Medusa, a sight of whose face and shaggy locks turned men to stone, but comparatively few inlanders know anything of a fish of the same name which is often seen along the sea coast. It is shaped like a mushroom, except the stem is divided into a number of snaky tentacles, covered by thousands of suckers. The body of the medusa is sometimes quite small, and sometimes a yard in diameter. Sometimes it is clear as crystal, and sometimes beautifully colored, but so fragile that when washed ashore it melts in the sun almost like a soap bubble. During their life these creatures swim along the surface of the sea in vast numbers, but when anything touches them they fold themselves like umbrellas and sink out of sight. The tentacles are so poisonous that the strongest men become paralyzed when touched by them, and it is believed that many so-called drowning accidents are due to their attacks.

To succeed in the world it is much more necessary to possess the penetration to discover who is a fool than to discover who is a clever man.

BORN.

St. John, Jan. 6, to the wife of A. H. Bell, a son.

Belleisle, Jan. 5, to the wife of Isaac Gesner, a son.

Sackville, Jan. 5, to the wife of Fred Estabrooks, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 11, to the wife of Mark C. Munford, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 8, to the wife of Samuel McCauley, a son.

St. John, Jan. 5, to the wife of William Grant, a son.

Moncton, Jan. 3, to the wife of Charles Studhart, a son.

St. John, Jan. 6, to the wife of A. D. Colwell, a son.

St. John, Jan. 8, to the wife of John J. McBray, a son.

Woodstock, Jan. 2, to the wife of T. A. Len Dibblee, a son.

Somerset, N. S., Jan. 3, to the wife of R. B. Tilsley, a son.

Seal Cove, Dec. 25, to the wife of Charles Seely, a son.

Port Hood, Jan. 1, to the wife of D. F. McLean, a daughter.

Amherst, Jan. 6, to the wife of F. L. Dixon, a daughter.

Halifax, Jan. 3, to the wife of John F. Devine, a daughter.

Fredericton, Jan. 1, to the wife of James McNutt, a daughter.

Moncton, Jan. 4, to the wife of J. J. Taylor, a daughter.

Belleisle, Jan. 9, to the wife of Robert Gesner, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Jan. 6, to the wife of Obadiah Rafuse, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Jan. 9, to the wife of Nathaniel Rafuse, a daughter.

New Glasgow, Jan. 7, to the wife of Thomas Fraser, a son.

Seal Cove, N. B., Jan. 4, to the wife of Colin Harcourt, a son.

Middle Sackville, Jan. 5, to the wife of Paul Richards, a son.

Moleza, N. S., Jan. 1, to the wife of Neil McLean, a son.

Central Chebogue, Jan. 1, to the wife of S. A. Cook, twins.

Mt. Pleasant, N. S., Dec. 31, to the wife of J. F. Daley, a son.

Fredericton, Jan. 4, to the wife of William Anderson, a daughter.

Montague, P. E. I., Jan. 5, to the wife of Edward Parkman, a son.

Blanford, N. S., Jan. 5, to the wife of Rev. E. Roy, a daughter.

Middle Sackville, Jan. 6, to the wife of Paul Gould, a daughter.

Seal Cove, N. B., Jan. 3, to the wife of Peter P. Russell, a daughter.

Grand Pre, N. S., Jan. 9, to the wife of W. M. Turner, a daughter.

Amherst Highlands, Jan. 5, to the wife of Stephen Coates, a daughter.

Barrington, Jan. 7, by Rev. C. Jost, Gilbert Ross to Catharine Christie.

Sackville, Jan. 2, by Rev. W. H. Warren, Stanley Austin to Laura Wray.

St. John, Jan. 4, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, John Murray to Mary Foy.

Digby, Jan. 5, by Rev. W. McGregor, Wade Brooks to Ida Peters.

Amherst, Jan. 8, by Rev. D. McGregor, Colin Cole to Annie Adams.

Halifax, Jan. 1, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, David Turner to Jane Brown.

Fredericton, Jan. 6, by Rev. Dr. Saunders, Frank Coburn to Julia Bailey.

Casco, C. B., Jan. 2, by Rev. A. C. Borden, James McKenzie to Sarah Tait.

Halifax, Dec. 30, by Rev. N. LeMoine, Arthur Young to Annie Hubley.

Yarmouth, Jan. 6, by Rev. A. A. Spencer, William Hammon to Sarah Profit.

Carleton, Jan. 4, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, B. Frank Lin to Triola Mills.

Halifax, Jan. 8, by Rev. F. H. Archibald, Johnson Munnier to Katie Keizer.

Campbellton, Jan. 10, by Rev. F. Carr, James S. Murray to Minnie McKerr.

Chatham, Jan. 3, by Rev. W. Aitken, William McMillan to Margaret Macdonald.

Halifax, Jan. 3, by Rev. Andrew Cray, George E. McLennan to Mary A. Bird.

Truro, Jan. 9, by Rev. John Robbins, George H. Porter to Maggie Johnson.

Fredericton, Jan. 2, by Rev. H. H. Hasty, William E. Young to Lydia Fitzgibbon.

Halifax, Jan. 8, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Maurice Edwards to Catherine Thomas.

Amherst, Jan. 11, by Rev. V. E. Harris, Claude Delisle to Jennie Matheson.

Burton, N. S., Jan. 1, by Rev. Mr. Ryan, Alex McDonald to Agnes Croxley.

St. George, Jan. 1, by Rev. Randall E. Smith, Arthur Hamilton to Nellie McPeters.

Bridgeport, Jan. 3, by Rev. F. C. Simpson, James Zwick to Lydia Fitzgerald.

Halifax, Jan. 1, by Rev. E. H. McPherson, Harry Matheson to Mary Robertson.

Big Bras d'Or, C. B., Jan. 7, Jonathan Nicholson to Mrs. Alexander McDonald.

Amherst, Jan. 10, by Rev. R. Williams, Melvin F. Waterhouse to Katie McLeod.

St. John, Jan. 8, by Rev. Monsignor Connolly, John J. Norris to Ida Clancy.

Musquodoboit Harbor, Jan. 6, by Rev. John Phelan, Arthur Davis to Bertha Elvers.

St. John, Jan. 11, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Mansfield Wheaton to Bertha E. Darrah.

Kingston, Jan. 2, by Rev. H. S. Wainwright, L. P. Hayter to Lucy G. McDougall.

Ingonish, C. E., Dec. 29, by Rev. T. R. Gwillim, Fred Morris to Matilda Carroll.

Spry Harbor, Jan. 1, by Rev. E. H. Hall, William Henry Henney to Jane I. Josey.

Pentecost, Jan. 3, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, Campbell Jones to Edna Hicks.

Campbellton, Jan. 9, by Rev. W. S. Subles, Penty A. Wheehouse to Alma F. Ware.

Stone Ridge, N. B., Jan. 12, by Rev. S. Syke, James W. Graham to Alma M. Crouse.

Sherbrooke, Jan. 8, by Rev. William Maxwell, Piummer to Sophia J. Raymond.

Yarmouth, Jan. 11, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, George E. Burrows to Ida L. F. Lant.

Moncton, Jan. 12, by Rev. J. J. Den-tadt, John M. McKinnon to Minnie Stevenson.

Nicholas River, Jan. 3, by Rev. William Hamilton, David Miller to Aggie Hannah.

Amherst, Jan. 8, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, George King to Mrs. Gertrude Brun.

Liverpool, Jan. 3, by Rev. I. E. Hill, Freeman Burgess to Experience Williams.

Cardian, Dec. 27, by Rev. P. R. Knight, James S. Evans to Augusta A. Richards.

Star's Road, N. S