

## WHY SHE PROPOSED.

There was rather less than the usual fine-day crowd outside the Monte Rosa Hotel on this September morning. Holidays were drawing to an end.

"A good thing too," said Edward Lincoln, when Jocelyn May remarked about it. "Ah! For my part, I'm fond of a bit of a stir," said the other. He moved aside, so that he could glance at one of the hotel windows. His face instantly became radiant.

Lincoln noticed the change in his companion, and bit his lip. He longed to do as May had done—yet he dare not.

They were both dressed for an excursion: Norfolk jackets and knickerbockers, ice axes, and the inevitable coil of rope. There was a slight commotion among the Zermatt guides as they moved forward. "Does not the gentlemen desire a man?" asked one of the men, taking his pipe from his mouth, and smiling pleasantly.

"Not to-day, Euler," said Lincoln. "We're going to do nothing serious."

"It is good weather, even for the Horn," proceeded the man.

"None of your Matterhorns for me, my lad," said Jocelyn May, with a laugh. "I'm under a vow, Lincoln."

"To whom, I wonder?"

"That's telling, old chap."

Again Lincoln bit his lip.

"Come along," he said hastily, "or we shall never back for dinner."

They soon got their stride, with their faces towards the Breithorn. It was understood that the magnitude of their excursion was to be independent upon the state of the snow.

They had met by chance at the Monte Rosa—these two. Jocelyn May lived with his mother at Graycester. He was believed to be a coming poet. His first little green book had made its mark, at any rate. Lincoln, on the other hand, was a young barrister in the country town. As fellow collegians, they had been sufficiently intimate. But there was now one particular reason (in Lincoln's opinion) why they could have had little in common.

Evelyn lies, the Dean of Graycester's daughter, was that reason.

Still, they kept up the appearance of friendship; and when Evelyn had challenged him, after breakfast that morning, with making a martyr of himself for Jocelyn's sake, Lincoln had done his best to convince the girl that it was by no means so. But Evelyn was not easily deceived.

And so they strode up the valley, with the snow and the blue sky before them; and each tried to assure himself that it would be as well for the time to forget Evelyn's gray eyes, and to make the most of a prime day among the Alps.

Meanwhile the Dean and his daughter had had a little conversation at the window of the great breakfast-room, with its rows of honey-pots still on the table.

"How very strange it is, my dear," said the old gentleman, "that we should invariably, wherever we go, encounter friends or acquaintances!"

He said this while he smiled at young Jocelyn, who had just then moved towards the window from the outside.

"Yes, papa," said Evelyn. All her energies were at that moment concentrated in her eyes.

"The world is very small, my dear."

"Very small, papa—smaller every day," the Dean laughed at this.

"You puzzle me with your paradoxes, child," he said. "But," he added, kindly, "I had no idea Jocelyn would be at Zermatt. His mother said not a word about it when we were leaving."

Evelyn held her tongue. She drummed on the window pane, with two taper little fingers.

"Had you any idea of it, my love?"

The Dean's daughter drew a deep breath, blushed, and replied—

"Yes, papa. He told me we might meet."

"O—h!"

"Yes, papa," continued Evelyn, warmly. (They had the room to themselves). "He told more than that. He told me why. He said he couldn't spend six dreary weeks at Graycester without seeing—who do you think, papa?"

"My dear Evelyn! Is that so? Then I am to understand that Jocelyn—Well, well! He is a good lad, a good lad. Besides, his mother's property is really far from inconsiderable."

"I care nothing about his prospects, papa," exclaimed Evelyn.

"Oh, indeed. Is it possible you like that young barrister the better, after all?"

"Papa!" was the reproachful retort.

"I only asked you, my dear. Well, well! This has burst upon my blind old head like an avalanche. So I am destined to lose you one of these days, my little daughter?"

"Never, I hope, papa," said the girl, nestling her hand into the old man's. "But I do hope you will gain a son in Jocelyn. I care very much indeed for him."

"Come and let us talk it over by the river," said the Dean. And they did so.

Three hours later, May and Lincoln were on the Gorner glacier, between the Gorner Grat and the great Breithorn. They had not had very much to say to each other. May was preoccupied. He was thinking that he would surely, in the course of a day or two, face that interview with the old Dean. And Lincoln also had much to think of. There was the rope, for one thing; and the bitterness of knowing that Evelyn lies did not look on him with affection, for another.

Suddenly May stopped. At his companion's request he had been leaving throughout.

"I say, you know, this is really too much of an obstacle," he said, with rather a nervous laugh.

They were on the edge of a deep crevasse, the blue ice of which contrasted well with the hot blue heavens.

Lincoln came to the side, and looked at it.

"I expect," he said, "we can improve matters considerably by following it up."

"But," urged May, when they had gone about fifty yards up the broken activity, "need we bother about it? Don't you think we've done enough, considering we're only out for a sort of constitutional?"

"Do you think it, May?"

"Funk it! Not I. What in the world makes you put such a question to me? I was thinking of dinner, that's all."

"We have a good five hours still. Sorry it hurt your feelings. You poets are so touchy—there's no managing you."

Jocelyn May laughed lightly.

"I expect you're right, old fellow."

am abnormally sensitive. They all tell me so. We'll do precisely what you please. I can't say more than that."

"All right. Then yonder bit of a bridge will serve our turn famously."

The crevasse had narrowed, and its depth was here anything but formidable—some fifteen feet at the most.

In these circumstances Jocelyn was easily persuaded by Lincoln to begin to drag himself over the snow bridge which spanned the chasm.

It was not a safe bridge at all. Whether Lincoln knew or did not know that, he set himself very firmly to resist any strain that might accidentally be brought to bear upon him.

Suddenly, when Jocelyn was in the middle of the bridge, this broke inwards. The young man uttered a cry. There was a strong jerk upon Lincoln; as momentary as strong, and then it was evident what had happened. The rope had broken, red strand or not in it. And Jocelyn was lying, more surprised than hurt, among the ice and snow at the bottom of the crevasse.

Lincoln smiled, and then looked down. "Don't be anxious, old chap," said Jocelyn from below. "Only a scratch or two. But what a nuisance about the rope."

"A great nuisance, May. Cold, isn't it, down there?"

Jocelyn stood up, rubbed his right thigh and then shivered.

"Awfully cold. What is to be done?"

"Oh, I can get you all right. There's twice as much rope as is necessary round my waist. But I want you to promise something."

"Promise something! What do you mean?"

"You must admit, May, that your life's at my mercy. If I were to leave you here for two or three hours, I doubt if you'd bear it."

"Lincoln! You'd never do that."

"May, I'm a very human sort of a brute, with evil passions like the rest of the world."

"I—I don't see what you are driving at," said Jocelyn, faintly. "What am I to promise?"

"That you will give up making yourself agreeable to Evelyn lies—that's all, May. I guess it's a mean proposition to make. But I am past caring for that. She is everything to me."

"To you?" gasped Jocelyn—mental disquiet as well as bodily discomfort were accountable for the new fit of shivering which took him.

"I'll give you five minutes to think it over," said Lincoln, calmly.

He looked at his watch, strolled away, and lit his pipe. He scanned the snow-bound horizon somewhat eagerly. Very small would be made to look it at anyone were just then to come in sight.

At the end of six minutes he returned to the cranny.

"Well, May, what is it to be?"

Jocelyn was shaking with the cold.

"I have no alternative," he said dismally with chattering teeth. "For pity's sake help me out."

"You give her up?"

"I do."

Then, in silence, Lincoln did what was necessary.

"I—I did not think you could have been such a scoundrel," said Jocelyn, afterwards.

"No? At any rate, I have your promise. You will leave Zermatt to-morrow, I hope?"

"Just as soon as I can, you may be quite sure. It sickens me to think of staying where you are."

Lincoln laughed ironically.

"I don't mind your abuse, May. All I am concerned about is this: I may have sacrificed my self-respect for nothing."

"Quite so," said Jocelyn, and, in spite of himself, new hope came to him.

When they got back to the Monte Rosa, Jocelyn felt very queer. The cold had reached his bones. He could do nothing but shiver.

There was an English doctor at the hotel. To him Jocelyn sent word, and when he had come he ordered the young man to bed.

"You may be in for a bad turn," he added.

"Tell Lincoln that," said Jocelyn.

The doctor did more. He told the Dean and Evelyn. He also made the incident quite a lively topic of conversation at the dinner-table—much to Lincoln's disgust.

This gentleman had, in fact, to tender a garbled version of the accident.

"Then, but for you, he would never have been saved?" inquired Evelyn, with bright eyes.

"I suppose so," he replied.

Immediately after dinner, Evelyn came up to Lincoln, and again showed her sense of gratitude.

Stung beyond anything, the man must needs there and then blurt out his confession of love.

"Miss lies," he said, "I would do anything for you. If only I might hope!"

"Hope what, Mr. Lincoln?"

"That you would consent to be my wife."

"Out of the question, completely," was the girl's prompt reply. "Thank you for the invitation, nevertheless."

At this very moment who should come up but that annoying doctor, with the broken rope in his hand.

"I've taken the liberty, Mr. Lincoln," he said, "of overhauling your rope, and there's something like a deliberate cut half across it."

"Ice-cut, I suppose," stammered Lincoln, convinced that Evelyn was looking at him.

"With your permission, then, I'll make an exact study of it," said the doctor.

"The subject is interesting and important."

Months passed and Evelyn was unhappy, for Jocelyn seemed to avoid her company. One day she asked him, at a chance meeting, "Jocelyn, what is the matter? Can it be that you promised Lincoln not to ask me what I know you wish to ask me?"

"Forgive me, Evelyn," said Jocelyn. "I was weak."

"And now you intend to keep that promise, of course. There is no reason why you should not. This is the dawn of the day woman's prerogatives, and as you can't ask me to marry you, why, I will ask you!"

The Mishap of the Modern Turpin.

The more or less galleant highwayman now bestrides the bicycle, instead of the more picturesque and less trustworthy horse. But even this mode of locomotion has its disadvantages for robbers. One of them "held up" a woman on the Corniche road and of course dismounted to conceal the blunder on his person. While he was

stowing the money and jewelry in his pockets the woman, mounted his wheel and spun away to the quarters of the police, who soon had the fellow in charge. This example will always be worth considering by modern Turpins who may hope to ride to fame and wealth in our neighborhood. It is not a very good season for highwaymen, anyway.

## A JOKE ON MARK TWAIN.

How He Received a Deputation of Mighty Hunters.

Charley Davis tells a good story about Mark Twain, in which the humorist was for once out-humored, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Davis was then with the Foranburgh show, which happened at that particular date to be playing in Hartford. The enterprising agent thought it would be a good advertisement to get an interview arranged between Twain and the Indians, then a feature of the circus. He called upon the humorist and laid the matter before him.

Mark said he didn't care for Indians and was busy and didn't see what the Indians had to do with him anyhow.

"Why, the fact is," replied the circus man, with a gravity worthy of a higher life, "they have heard of you and want naturally to see you."

This didn't appear to be strange to Mr. Clewson. Still he was indisposed to grant the request until Davis swore that a big Sioux chief had declared that he would never be happy if compelled to return to the reservation without having seen and spoken to the man whose fame was as wide as the world.

"All right," said Twain, "run 'em in at 6 and let us make it short."

About that hour the humorist sat on his porch and saw, to his astonishment, an immense cavalcade of mounted warriors coming down the street. In the place of half a dozen chiefs expected, there were not less than fifty tearing along like mad in exhibition of their horsemanship. They turned in upon the lawn and broke down the shrubbery and wore off the grass and devastated the whole place. The spokesman of the party was a mighty hunter, and had been previously informed that Twain was distinguished for the awful slaughter of wild beasts, so he had laid himself out for a game of brag. The interpreter was in the deal, and instead of repeating what the chief really said, made a speech of his own, speaking of Twain's literary achievements.

"For heaven's sake, choke him off," said Twain in once or twice.

The interpreter turned to the chief and said the white hunter wanted to hear more. And on he went. Every time the humorist cried for quarter the chief was told to give another hunting story. Finally, the Indian vocabulary b-c-coming exhausted, the chief quit, whereupon Twain made a brief reply, which was quadrupled in length by the interpreter turning it into a marvellous hunting yarn. The chief listened with stolid indifference, but when they got away he grunted contemptuously and said:

"White hunter heap big liar!"

## LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

Some of the Methods by Which They Save Time.

It would surprise many people to learn how little the telephone is used by the great London daily newspapers. In the provinces and on the continent the case is far different, and when time saving has been of the first consideration, the telephone has often beaten the telegraph wire. Thus, during a famous trial, at Edinburgh, when the Glasgow papers were daily giving very full reports of the proceedings, one evening, by using the telephone, was enabled to issue its editions in advance of its rivals, which were depending on the wire, and when at the close of the case the verdict was dispatched to London, it was the telephone again which had the advantage. A similar plan of dispensing with written "copy" or MS. was in operation between the reporters' gallery in the House of Commons and the Times' office in Printing House Square for some time. It is now discontinued. As the reporters left the "box" in the House of Commons, they repaired at once to the cabin in which the telephonist sat, and dictated to their notes. He spoke the matter through the wire, and a compositor, seated before a machine, immediately put it into type. Every night at the general post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, a large amount of news is verbally received from and transmitted to Paris. The experience is rather trying to the novice. It is easy enough to take down in shorthand from the telephone paragraphs which are fairly long, and the rate of progression may amount to 120 words per minute, but it the paragraph should contain many names of persons or places the speed would fall to 40, and sometimes not more than 5 or 10 words per minute can be got through. However there is any doubt as to the name of any person or place the clerk will spell it in full, and it is usual to adopt the Greek alphabet—alpha, beta, etc.—because there letters contain more than one syllable, and can therefore be more easily recognized, especially when the wind is blowing. Between Brussels and Paris also much news correspondence is sent over the telephone but apart from the service at the general post office, which is used by news agencies the London papers rely upon the telegraph printing instrument rather than the telephone.

## Economy in the Use of Coal.

A saving of nearly one-third of the coal consumed may be made by the following easy means: Let the coal ashes, which are usually thrown into the dust-bin, be preserved in a corner of the coal-hole, and add to them from your coal heap an equal part of the small coal or slack, which is too small to be retained in the grate, and pour a small quantity of water on the mixture. When you make up your fire place a few lumps of coal in front, and throw some of this mixture behind; it saves the trouble of sitting your ashes, gives a warm and pleasant fire and a very small part only remains un-burnt.

## Free "Want" Ads.

In Luxemburg, any person out of work, and desiring it, can, by sending a postal card to the director of the postal administration, have his wants advertised free in every post-office in the country. By means of labor bureaus established in various countries, men out of work can now fre-

quently obtain employment by being brought into communication with employers in want of workers. In some of the Australian colonies the governments dispatch many of the unemployed, on application, to the gold-mine districts, supplying the men with railway passes and miners' rights free of charge, and allowing destitute men with families ten shillings a week each for four weeks, in order that they may be able to maintain themselves during the initiatory stages of their work.

## The Church Parlor.

The church parlor, which has become an essential feature of all the churches that seek to attract and hold their people, was the thought of Thomas K. Beecher more than thirty years ago, and he was counted by his ministerial brethren an impious and sacrilegious innovator. After long effort he induced his congregation to build the first parlors, kitchen and assembly rooms known in the East. Here innocent games amused the youth, and the more intellectual needs of the elders were ministered to. Here religion forgot its stilted forms and found expression in hearty, unconventional gatherings, and so the church flourished mightily and became a power in the land. Now, when old age relieves the venerated clergyman from active work, a fair, graceful woman, a clear, original and masterly speaker, a wife and mother of four children, is called to the pastorate in place of Mr. Beecher, her ordination being one of the significant events of the year just ended, a year that has seen the entrance of many women on important pastorates.

## A Child's First Year.

The first years of a child all your own. Begin at once to mould him for a pure life on earth, and a bright future in the Heavenly Home. Be methodical, be gentle, be firm with him, from the very first. Let the boy be early taught good habits, and to be subject to your will, as to food and sleep and cleanliness, before his own will can assume the mastery over his fleshly habitation. Give him an atmosphere of love to grow in. Keep him happy by your cheerfulness, let your smiles prompt his own. As soon as he can fold his hands for thanksgiving, associate that thanksgiving with his daily food. Let him early remember to trust himself, loved and forgiven, to the care of his Heavenly Father for the night, and wake to thank that Father for peaceful sleep and a new day of blessings.

## Pilgrims in Peril.

The risk of a pilgrimage to Mecca may well make the most earnest Muslim hesitate to undertake that pious duty. Of the 66,000 pilgrims who have sailed from various Oriental ports for this sacred spot during the last six years, some 22,000 have never returned. A few, it is thought, may possibly find their way back by other routes. Many, it is feared, have been murdered by gangs of scoundrels, who are believed to travel regularly by the Jeddah steamers, marking down pilgrims who are possessed of valuables, and attacking them when a favorable opportunity occurs. It is said, however, that by far the greater number fall by the wayside on the long tramp from Jeddah to Mecca or Medina.

## Sentenced to Sit in the Pulpit.

Some time ago, while two unknown young men were carelessly handling a revolver in a United Brethren church at Belle Grove Pa., one of them was accidentally shot in the arm. The young men have since been discovered, and the authorities of the church discussed the propriety of prosecuting them or requiring them to make a public apology. Failing, however, to reach a satisfactory conclusion, it was finally decided to compel them to sit on the pulpit, one each side of the minister, at three Sabbath services in succession. This punishment is now being carried into effect.

## He Wasn't the Coachman.

The first Lord Wolverton once had occasion to dismiss his coachman. In the interval before the arrival of the new one he went himself to the corn-chandler's to order forage. On booking the order the dealer remarked with a wink, "I suppose you're the new coachman?" "Yes," replied Lord Wolverton, realizing the situation. The merchant softly pressed a five-pound note into the peer's hand. "Cheer for me," Lord Wolverton used to observe, "but very dear for him."

## An Ancient Weight.

The British Museum has an ancient weight, a unique object in the shape of a bit of green diorite, about four inches high, carved in Mesopotamia in the year 605 B.C. It has a long inscription in Assyrian, which sets forth that it was made in the time of Nebuchadnezzar I., and is the exact copy of the legal weight. It is somewhat conical, with a flat bottom.

## NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made at the next Session of the New Brunswick Legislature for an Act to incorporate a company to be called "The Colonial Iron and Coal Company, Limited," with a capital stock amounting to one million of dollars, having power to increase to two millions, one-half the shares to be preferred and the remainder common stock, and having authority to issue bonds to the amount of the capital paid up. The objects of the Company are to acquire coal, mineral and other lands in any of the Counties of this Province or elsewhere; work mines and deal in minerals; build and operate coke and smelting works of all kinds; manufacture and deal in all the by-products of coal; sell and supply gas produced therefrom for heating power and lighting purposes; laying down pipes and mains wherever necessary thereto and generally to carry on the trade of a mine and coal owners, chemical and gas manufacturers, iron-masters, founders and smelters of metal and ore and metal dealers, and in connection with their business to lay down and operate railways and establish lines of steamers, barges and vessels of all kinds for the transport of freight and passengers; and for the purposes aforesaid to acquire compulsory powers and incorporate the provisions of the New Brunswick Railway Act, the New Brunswick Joint Stock Companies Act; to acquire patent rights and the good will of any existing business carried on for any of the above named purposes, and also the shares, stock and bonds, of any company; to construct and maintain telegraph and telephone lines and carry on the business of telegraph and telephone Company on their line of works and railways.

Dated at St. John the fifteenth day of January A. D. 1895.

R. G. LUCKIE.



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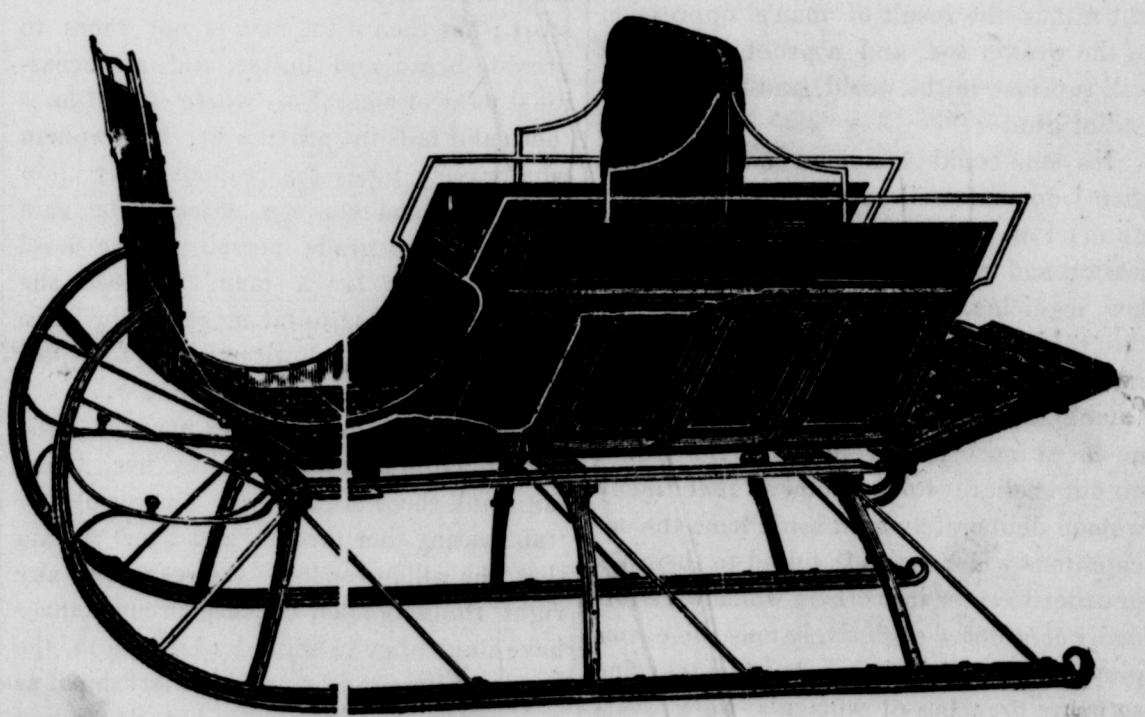
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