PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1895.

WANTED-A VILLAIN!

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It was Saturday evening, wet outside, and the month of November. I leaned back in my oaken armchair and began to door. muse. The first chapter was written. For the second chapter one thing, or, rather, person, was essential-to wit, a villian.

My cat, Dorothea, an amiable beast, leaped from the hearth upon my shoulder and purred as she swung her tail, first upon my cheek and then upon the other. Then the back-door bell rang.

Let me explain. I am a bachelor, with Mrs. Street for my housekeeper. There rather a good your g fellow, cursed only never was, I should think, a better servant by a temper, which he had, his mother said, than Mrs. Street. But though so replete with good qualities, my good Mrs. Street could not duplicate herself. Therefore, when she was obliged to go shopping of an evening, it fell to me to answer the

But when I heard the tinkle a second time I changed my mind. There was a furtive sound about it that appealed to me. My back door is not really a back door.

It is as much to the front as the other. "Well, what is it?" I said.

It was a young man, with blood on his right hand, and a splash or two of blood also on his face. I saw the blood distinct- length it became a nuisance. ly, as the kitchen fire gleamed through the two doors on to the man.

"Is-Mrs. Street in ?"

The inquiry was put timorously. "She is not," I said. "But oblige me

by putting the meat on the table." "I've got no meat, sir. Will she be long ?

"I haven't the least idea," I replied; "but I hope she will not be long."

He seemed hesitant. I, however, did not humor him. It was not at all likely I should ask a blood-stained man into my house to wait for Mrs. Street.

"You had better call again, if you want to see her," I said. "Good night !"

No further words passed between us. I shut the door, trod on the companionable Dorothea's toot or tail (she follows me so closely about the house), made her cry, and returned to my work. Somehow (there is no elucidating the mind's movements) I had now conceived a villiain adequate for the occasion. I wrote for an hour, and was still writing when good Mrs. Street entered to summon me to my humble supper of oysters and white wine.

I told her about the caller while I descended the stairs. She said, "Indeed, sir !" in an indifferent way.

rolled up and down the pavement by my there is not much genuine, unselfish love at the shanty. the bottom of feline nature. Five days passed and nothing was heard

of the young felon. For his mother's sake, if not for his own, I was glad of this. Grad-

ually, also, I grew to rejoice for his own sake. Mrs. Street, though terribly upset, had become singulariy loquacious. By fits and starts, she told me the whole history of

her "boy"—as she called him. He really seemed to have been, upon the whole, sighing, "inherited from his father." It never occurred to me to wonder why the poor soul took such pains to prejudice me on her son's behalf. Nor did I, oadly enough, until afterwards, notice how apadoor-bell. I did not, however, always do thetic she was about the papers, and such news as they might contain of his appre-

hension. But on the fifth day I shared her secret. It was due to that wise cat of mine. The poor beast had latterly been yery restive. She made plaintive appealing noises even when she ought to have been most happy. At first I took this for mere peevishness, such as I myself felt at times. But at

"What on earth is the matter with you, Dorothea ?" I inquired, laying down my

and his negroes, too, and the time came The beast went to the door with an when he didn't have the price of a shoeeager tail. I opened it, and watched her. string. He drifted up to Memphis one She proceeded to the head of the stairs and paused. When she saw me disinclined, as a tarrer bank and watched the game for a it were, to follow her, she mewed, and rewhile, but he didn't get a nod, where not turned to rub herself against my legs. long before the negroes used to break their "Drive on, Dorothea!" I then said, de- necks to shove a chair up right in front of

termined to see this eccentricity of hers to its source. She flew down the stairs like a happy cat

when she had thus secured my sympathetic attention, and scratched at the kitchen door.

Mrs. Street was in the kitchen, making a pie. I explained what was happening, and was at once struck by her evident desire to account trivially for Dorothea's discontent. "Puss, puss !" she cried coaxingly, to encourage the cat to the kitchen fire. But Dorothea would have none of the fire. She went mewing to the other door, which led both to my cellars and the back

door. I made as if to this door, but Mrs. Street stopped me.

"I will tell you all, sir," she said, with a

I confess I was aghast; and the more so as,

at that instant, I saw one of my two hel-

stolidly past my railings in the course of

But I soon recovered self-possession. Accessory to a crime or not, I did not teel

like giving the poor fellow thus cold-

bloodedly into custody. By main force I

"We must consider what is to be done !"

"You will forgive me, sir?" said Mrs.

"It is precisely what I myself should

have done in your place," I avowed with-

"Then you won't inform against him,

out on the cold flags ever since he has been

over again, sir, if he could fetch Dan

Barker back. As sure as I am a living

woman, sir, he is not guilty in the sight of

Well, I was unprepared to make an ex-

act religious estimate of the lad's crime.

in a court of law, Willie Street could not

less than a long term of penal servitude.

"I must thick it over," I said, as I re-

ever, I had young Street out of the cellar

trune and same many relation when the set (and to be the approxie that any the approxie the found in range planeet

Perhaps, even, he would be hanged.

plaining Dorothea at my heels.

What was only too clear was the fact that,

set her down by the kitchen fire.

his beat.

out scruple.

Heaven.'

"Please don't go down into the cellar. sir !" she pleaded. "I haven't cleaned it."

more prominently even than poor Mrs. would be Mrs. Street. Dorothea I should heard them balf a mile away. They roll-Street, and silly persons came my way ex- be doubtful of in such a contingency, for, ed over and over, jumped up and down, pressly to see the two policemen who pat- although I adore a congenial cat, I fancy and even splashed blood on the windows of

ONE GAMBLER'S LUCK.

Pity He Won \$200,000.

ing man, with white hair and snowy mus-

tache and imperial, strode in and advanced

"See that feller," said one of elderly

men in the group, "that's 'Lucky Jack

Doty.' Never hear of him ? Well, he's got

a story that is worth knowin'. Thirty

years ago there wasn't a higher roller in

the South. His people had died out one

by one till only a sister was left, and Jack

and her had loads of money and lots of

negroes. She got religion the worst way,

"As I said, Jack was a high roller, but

he'd kept within bounds up to the time. When the girl left the world, as they called.

Jack was crazy. He was devoted to

her in spite of his runnin' around, and he

just cut loose and raised a fog. He play-

ed the limit, and it wasn't long before the

brace player had layouts fixed tor him in

every town be struck. His money went,

"Old man Galloway had a farrer streak

on him that night, and was playin' blues

at a hundred a stack. Jack sat down near

and seemed to flustrate the old man, be-

cause he bet nineteen chips on a double

seven and got split. He was madder'n a

hornet, but he laughed just the same, and

"I reckop you wanted a stake, and

"Jack grabbed the two and a half like a

the queen nor ace had showed, and the \$320 | Swede in severe winters."

made me bet odd chips. See what you

and all of a sudden went into a convent.

to the clerk's desk.

the lavout for him.

check to him;

can do with that.

Starting With a Chip Thrown to Him

The wildcat got the worst of it, and getting into the hard path, leaped at the broken pane in the window, carrying the sash into the shanty. Inside they fought again, the dog at last getting a death grip on the wildcat's throat. A party of horse-racing followers were standing in Willard's lobby, Washington, a few days ago, when a tall soldierly look-

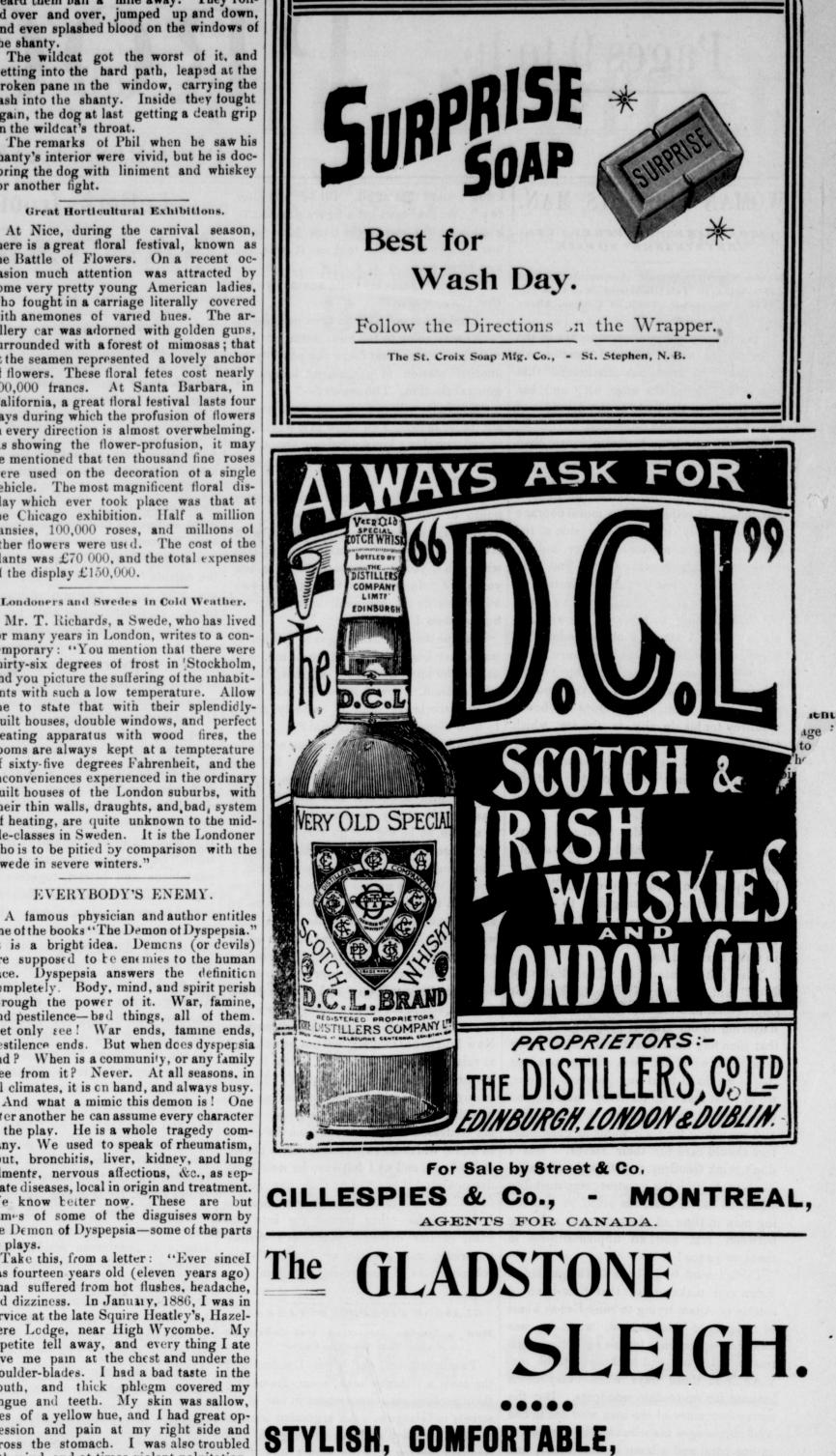
The remarks of Phil when he saw his shanty's interior were vivid, but he is doctoring the dog with liniment and whiskey for another fight.

Great Horticultural Exhibitions.

At Nice, during the carnival season, there is a great floral festival, known as the Battle of Flowers. On a recent occasion much attention was attracted by some very pretty young American ladies, who fought in a carriage literally covered with anemones of varied bues. The artillery car was adorned with golden gups, surrounded with a forest of mimosas; that at the seamen represented a lovely anchor of flowers. These floral fetes cost nearly 100,000 francs. At Santa Barbara, in California, a great floral festival lasts four days during which the profusion of flowers in every direction is almost overwhelming. As showing the flower-profusion, it may be mentioned that ten thousand fine roses were used on the decoration of a single vehicle. The most magnificent floral display which ever took place was that at the Chicago exhibition. Half a million night broke and desperate. He went into pansies, 100,000 roses, and millions of other flowers were used. The cost of the plants was £70 000, and the total expenses of the display $\pounds 150,000$.

Londoners and Swedes in Cold Weather.

Mr. T. Richards, a Swede, who has lived for many years in London, writes to a contemporary: "You mention that there were thirty-six degrees of frost in Stockholm, and you picture the suffering of the inhabitants with such a low temperature. Allow me to state that with their splendidlysaid to Jack, as he handed over the split built houses, double windows, and perfect heating apparatus with wood fires, the rooms are always kept at a tempterature of sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit, and the inconveniences experienced in the ordinary built houses of the London suburbs, with hungry man catchin' a bun and shot it into their thin walls, draughts, and bad, system the square. The king won on the turn. of heating, are quite unknown to the mid-Then the deuce won twice. Jack let the dle-classes in Sweden. It is the Londoner \$20 lay; the deuce won again. Neither who is to be pitied by comparison with the



Well, I had finished my oysters. and wondering it I should go out and play a rubber at the Fanshaws', when the front bell pealed loudly. I called to Mrs Street. and I am determined to find out what it is." So saying, I turned the handle. Inthat I was at home. But I might have saved my breath, for when I had heard a brief parley between Mrs. Street a swinging tail, bolted down the cellar turned the box down, and carried off the race. Dyspepsia answers the definition and a man with a voire as emphatic as his steps. pull at the bell, my housekeeper knocked But, before I could follow her, Mrs. at my door. Street was upon me.

"If you please, sir," she said-or rather whispered, "it's a policeman."

burst of tears. "My poor boy is in the wine cellar! He has been hiding there "Very good. There's nothing in the wine cellar! world to look so pale about," I added ever since-" A flood of tears completed her sentence.

The officer entered and saluted me respectfully. Then he shut himself in.

"Excuse me, sir," he began, "but meted vigilance-committee men march there's been a murder committed by a man of the name of Street."

"Yes?" I said, and understood why poor Mrs. Street had locked agitated.

"Your servant's of that name?"

"Certainly; but she has no relations." "So she says, sir. But the man was recaptured my all-too-sagacious pet and seen to come up your steps about seven o'clock."

Now it was my turn to start. I eagerly I said. told the constable what I could about my visitor. It did not seem to me at the same Street tearfully, searching my face with her time that I was associating my poor housematernal eyes.

keeper with the crime. But I soon saw that trouble might be in store for Mrs. Street.

"He's her son, sir-and a bad lot," said the constable. "I'm sorry, but I must sir? He has been crying his dear eyes search the house.'

The search was carried through method- there. He'd give his own life over and ically. It would have amused me if 1 had not felt affected by the news, is so far as it touched my housekeeper.

But nothing came of this investigation, and in due time the constable withdrew, baffled; not, however, without leaving a Parthian dart behind him.

"Your house will be watched, sir," he said to me in confidence. "You under- hope to requite his unfortunate deed with stand why."

No sooner was the door shut than Mrs. Street came to me suffused with tears.

"He was always a passionate lad, sir." she moaned, "though else as good a one as was ever born.'

"Oh, come," I said, "we must hope there has been some mistake."

But Mrs. Street would not accept even this scanty offer of comfort.

"No, no !" she said, sobbing. "I feel as law's vengeance in his eyes. he has done it-my poor, poor Joe. And now they'll take him and hang him-oh dear, oh dear !"

I held my tongue, troubled though I was. of this son?

"What was he?" I asked at length. "A platelayer, sir."

"And really your son, Mrs. Street ?"

not land him in a constable's arms. "Yes, sir; and his father never lived to see him brought up right. But it's cruel hard that poor Joe should come to an end like this !

Now I comprehended fully. My unfortunate housekeeper had my sympathy to house as usual for the club, young Street twenty rods away.

been on sufficiently good terms.

tom of it. Street and Barker (the dead money.

in blue chips were still untouched. The "Never mind that, Mrs. Street. I can dealer thought he had a cinch and never quite excuse anything of the kind at pres- spoke about the \$200 limit. The queen ent. Something is disturbing Dorothea, won on the turn.

"'Draw down the 200,' said the dealer, and Jack took 440 away. Well, the last on and had a hole bored in it, and put it on the chain of the watch he bought next day. He went to New Orleans and won \$60.000 in five weeks. Then he went on a bank-breaking trip up the river, and he \$200,000 in solid cash. He was coming out of the farrer bank when a little woman dressed like a Sister came up to him. ". Jack,' she said, "gimme that thing

you've got on your watch chain and hang this there instead,' and she held out a little medal. Jack saw it was his sister. He broke the blue split off, and took the medal and put it on. There were twenty crooked games fixed for him at St. Louis, but he never played against farrer again. he plays. When Doty came out a few minutes later a dozen pair of eyes searched bis vest.

Dangling from the heavy gold chain that crossed it was the little medal.

A FIGHTING DOG.

Phil Perry's-Cur That Treed a Bear and Killed a Wildcat.

Phil Perry of Northwood, N. T., has a herd curs at a bite, two Newfoundland dogs in less than a minute each, and torn a cow to death before he could be taken off. He has also whipped every bulldog this side of Prospect. To look at him one would naturally come to the conclusion that such a slab-sided, clipped-eared, stubworth his corn-meal pudding. His appearance, ordinarily, is anything except pretty, track, covering ten, twelve, even fifteen liver was diseased, and if ever I got better.

and interviewed him. And a miserable, wan object he looked, with terror of the Phil never caring much for sport with a home at Widmere End, near High Wygun, although a woodchopper those days. combe. Bucks. Still, I flatter myself I can read or judge The dog when a pup used to tollow Phil character as well as most men, and, atter a to the wood lot, and in his rambles routed few minutes, I came to the conclusion that out rabbits. These he tollowed and his mother had not altogether a wrong often caught. One day when about nine resting on each step; and every breath I Why, I wondered, had I never before heard idea of her son's disposition. And when, months old, just after a snow storm, the drew hurt me. During the day I had to lie during a pause, the lad blurted out, "You pup smelt his first deer track. He tol- down on the couch. At night I went to shall do as you think best with me, sir," I lowed it slowly and doubtfully till he bed early and could not rise before noon. swore to myself that that "best" should jumped over a log and almost on to the My mother and my brother thought I had deer. Up got the deer and away he consumption and would never get well. This is what we did. I am a methodical man, and there was mad. The deer happened to pass by don't you try Mother Seigel's Curative not a noticeable difference between Willie Phil less than a rod distant. Phil threw Syrup? You know what good it did your Street's build and mine. When six o'clock his axe, and the blade buried itself in brother Thomas.' I sent to the stores in came, therefore, instead of my leaving the the deer's ham, dropping out fifteen or White Hart Street, Wycombe, and got a

the last degree. The crime as reported by the papers, was not of a very brutal kind. Premeditated it certainly could not have been. Until its committal, young Street and his victim had been on sufficiently good terms. man nor beast. He trailed a bear, treed have reason to think that Mother Seigel's

EVERYBODY'S ENEMY.

one of the books "The Demon of Dyspepsia." It is a bright idea. Demons (or devils) stantly Dorothea slipped through and, with king and all the queens and aces won, and are supposed to be enemies to the human \$7,000 bank roll with him along about day- completely. Body, mind, and spirit perish break. He got the blue split he had started through the power of it. War, famine, and pestilence-bad things, all of them. Yet only see! War ends, famine ends, pestilence ends. But when does dyspepsia end? When is a community, or any family free from it? Never. At all seasons, in reached St. Louis in the spring of '60 worth all climates, it is on hand, and always busy. And what a mimic this demon is! One after another he can assume every character in the play. He is a whole tragedy company. We used to speak of rheumatism, gout, bronchitis, liver, kidney, and lung ailments, nervous affections, &c., as separate diseases, local in origin and treatment. We know beiter now. These are but names of some of the disguises worn by the Demon of Dyspepsia-some of the parts

Take this, from a letter: "Ever sinceI was fourteen years old (eleven years ago) I had suffered from hot flushes, headache, and dizziness. In January, 1886, I was in service at the late Squire Heatley's, Hazelmere Lodge, near High Wycombe. My appetite tell away, and every thing I ate gave me pain at the chest and under the shoulder-blades. I had a bad taste in the mouth, and thick phlegm covered my dog that is a fighter. He has killed shep- tongue and teeth. My skin was sallow, eyes of a yellow hue, and I had great oppression and pain at my right side and across the stomach. I was also troubled with wind, and at times violent palpitation, so that I feared I had heart disease. My breath tecame short, and I had to stop and rest when doing my house work. Next a nasty cough fastened on me, and I shook as I laboured to clear the phlegm away. tailed, hang-head, yellow dog was not Bad night-sweats tollowed, and my linen was wet with them every morning. A doctor who was attending Squire Heatley was called to see me. He attended me over turned to my room, with the petulant, com- but if one could see him on a deer or bear two months, yet I got worse. He said my The result of my thought was shown test at every jump, his homely features it would be a long time first. I took more later in the day. As a preliminary, how-would be forgotten and he would seem a than a dozen bottles of his medicine withremarkably fine-looking dog. The dog trained himself as a hunter, I left my situation and returned to my out benefit, and at the end of March, 1886,

"My mother was shocked by my condition I could scarcely crawl about. I could only get upstairs one step at a time,

bottle. After having used it for only a few

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IS ONE OF THE NICEST SLEIGHS MADE TODAY.

man), while in a public house, had tallen said something about the damsel which en- telling me that the lad was in London and killed the plantigrade with a big revolver. 3rd, 1892." raged his companion. "You'll withdraw in honest employment. There was no ad-those words," was Street's menacing re- dress inside the letter, a precaution I had Last Wednesday night a big hungry of doing so, called the girl by a name of Then, without a moment's hesitation, sionable young felon. Street seized a heavy water-bottle and traordinary coincidence which opened this) was overturned.

I owe it to myself to say this much about | little chapter of my life.

I and thesh with the unions gain of boyeds ; doin manigues with in human a weight fill

Our ruse was entirely successful. The it, and kept it there for at least thirty-two Syrup saved my life, and I wish others to here of what uid so much for me. I will to discussing a girl in whom they were blood-stained clothes were burnt in the hours, neither eating nor drinking except hear of what did so much for me. I will both interested. As it happened, Street kitchen fire, and every possible trace of his to lap up the blood which dripped from answer any inquiries. Yours truly, (Mrs.) was actually in love with her. Barker had habitation in the wine cellar was removed. the bear's ham, howling long once in a Ada Castle, 5, Farnham Road Cottages, a caustic tongue and a cynical nature. He A few days afterwards I received a letter while, till at last Bill Pardy came and Farnham Common, near Slough, Sept.

In this case the Demon mimicked consumption, asthma, and heart diseasejoinder, "or else-" But Barker, instead impressed upon him. But, in course of wildcat came down to Phil's shanty when which, is an organic form at least. Mrs. time, this preeaution was waived, and now Phil was down at his Northwood house. Castle was not afflicted with. We say reproach and the man who loved her a fool. Mrs. Street knows all about her compas- The dog was in his box beside the shanty "mimicked" them. Yet the actual truth door, untied. The wildcat began to eat a is these "diseases," with fifty others, are I do not feel at all guilty in this avowal pork rind about twenty feet away when the only the natural results and symptoms of crashed it upon Barker's head. After which he fled from the house before anyone could lay hands on him. it do not ret at an gainty in this actional pork rind about twenty lett away when the dcg got a whiff of the scented air. He jumped out of the box so suddenly that it traordinary coincidence which opened this was overturned.

The wildcat turned and tried to run, but | not be sure that the success of Mother Sei-Need I add that I have gained the entire the dog bit his tail and about he faced. gel's great remedy in striking down the de-But, brutal or not, I did not at all like devotion of my good housekceper? I the dog bit his tail and south he faced. Bet great tender, in the dog bit his tail and south he faced. They doe he hered the the dog bit his tail and south he faced. They doe he hered the tender, in the dog bit his tail and south he faced. They doe hered the tender, in the dog bit his tail and south he faced. They doe hered the tender, in the dog bit his tail and south he faced. They doe hered the tender, in the dog bit his tail and south he faced. They doe hered the tender, in the dog bit his tail and south he faced. They doe hered the tender, in the dog bit his tail and south he faced. They doe hered the tender, is the dog bit his tail and south he faced. They doe hered the tender, is the dog bit his tail and south he faced. They doe hered the tender, is the dog bit his tail and south he faced. They doe hered the tender, is the dog bit his tail and south he faced. They doe hered the tender, is the dog bit his tail and south he faced. They doe hered the tender, is the dog bit his tail and south hered. The dog bit hered the dog bit his tail and south hered. The dog bit hered the dog bit hered the dog bit hered. The dog bit hered the tender hered. The dog bit hered the dog bit hered the dog bit hered the dog bit hered the dog bit hered. The dog bit hered thered the dog bit hered the dog bit hered thered t

Fredericton, N. B.

