

THE INN OF LONELINESS.

The hotel was certainly gigantic, but in all its bulk looming up in the darkness the man and the woman sitting on the piazza could discern only two human beings themselves.

"John," said the woman suddenly, "do you suppose that by any chance we could have become ghosts without knowing it?" Then in answer to the anxious expression that came over the man's face she hastened to explain: "I'm not going crazy. It's only a story I once read that just came back to me. It was about a man who was experimenting with spiritualism, or esoteric Buddhism, or something of the sort. By some dreadful mistake he turned himself into a ghost, and for the life of him he couldn't turn himself back into a human being, and so he had to associate with ghosts all the rest of his natural life."

"Huh!" said the man doubtfully.

"Now," continued the woman, "if we were ghosts here in the midst of a lot of summer boarders it would explain everything, wouldn't it?"

"Huh!" the man said again.

"You haven't been experimenting with anything, have you?" demanded the woman, tapping one foot nervously upon the floor of the piazza.

"Huh!" said the man.

"But," insisted the woman desperately, "if we're not ghosts, where are the people?"

The man got up and looked about him. Rows of electric lights stretched down the piazza away and away into the distance till they seemed to tunnel into the darkness of the night at the far end. Upon the piazza opened the windows of brilliantly lighted parlors, writing rooms, reading rooms, reception rooms, and all the other conveniences of a big summer hotel. Other large patches of light showed where great doors were thrown open, giving admittance to broad corridors and wide stairways.

Long rows of big, comfortable armchairs and rockers stood along the piazza waiting for people to curl themselves up in them and soothe themselves with idleness. Somewhere near by an orchestra was playing with dash and vim. Only guests were lacking to give brilliancy to the scene. But there was not a human being in sight.

"Huh!" said the man, with growing perplexity in his voice.

"Do say something else," exclaimed the woman petulantly. "The idea of being left alone in a sleeping beauty sort of enchanted summer hotel with a man who can say nothing else but 'huh'!"

The man stretched himself and then turned around with determination and decision in his manner.

"I'm going to supper," he said, and the woman followed meekly.

They had arrived at the hotel that afternoon. From a distance it seemed gigantic, and as they drew nearer it grew and grew until it seemed to be the biggest hotel in the world. Its front stretched in long perspective down the street; its height rose story upon story, and countless "Ls" and wings and additions grew out of it. Flags were fluttering gaily from the turrets that surmounted it, the long rows of windows stood open to the sunshine and the fresh air, and great beds of flowers bloomed in front of it.

"What a big place it is!" the woman exclaimed. "What on earth shall I do for something to wear this evening. Isn't there any way of getting our trunks?"

They had driven over on a buckboard, and their trunks were to follow in the r. unabout track of the steamer. Having a soul above dress the man was secretly pleased at the prospect.

"Shan't be able to dress," he said with a chuckle. "Any way," he added consolingly, "the people will understand our position, and we're not going to stay."

"But," moaned the woman, "there's not a soul in sight! They're all up in their rooms dressing themselves for dinner. Or perhaps it's a hop night, and we'll be disgraced."

"No-o," said the man. "I don't think it can be as bad as that. I used to come here twenty years ago and I knew the ways of the place. They're probably all away on excursions or out fishing, and when they get back they won't have time to dress. So," struggling against his private convictions on the subject, "we're all right."

Whatever the explanation of the absence of the people might be, it seemed to cover the porters, bell boys, clerks, and other employees of the hotel. No one ran down the steps eagerly to greet them and relieve them of their bags. The prevailing influence seemed to extend to their driver, also, for as soon as he received his money he turned his horses about and put away at full speed.

A feeling of loneliness came over the man and the woman when, picking up their traps, they wandered through room after room littered with evidences of man's occupation at some period in the past, but none showing man. Finally they came to the office, a room that seemed as big in its emptiness as an ordinary house. The register was there and the gong ready to be clanged by the clerk; the cigar counter with the little red lamp burning along-side, and the case of souvenir spoons and cheap jewelry; and all the other appurtenances of a hotel office, except the clerk himself. It was a study of still life exclusively.

The sound of footsteps loosened the spell a little, for a clerk appeared, stared at them in surprise for a moment, and then set the mechanism of the hotel in motion so far as sending them to rooms is concerned. In the elevator going up the subject of dress continued to worry the woman.

"That clerk certainly looked at us in a curious manner," she said. "Just as if he thought of putting us out because we weren't good enough."

So she had done as much for her toilet as two gipsies would permit, and had come down stairs with her hair steamed to meet the supercilious, disapproving looks of the other women in full dress. But she had found none to dispute with her the glory of being the best-dressed woman in sight and so by a natural transition had passed from the dressing theory to the ghost hypothesis to account for the desertion around her.

As they entered the hotel office on their way to the dining room they saw that a great change had taken place since their previous visit. A clerk stood behind the desk, another seemed busy over his books, a row of uniformed bell boys sat on a bench, and the eyes of all were turned full upon the man and the woman.

"It's worse than ghosts," whispered the woman. "Why do they glare so at us?"

"Is—er—supper ready?"

The words produced an unexpected result. The clerk banged the bell, the row of bell boys jumped up as one to show the way, an orchestra burst into action with a crash, and an ancient, melancholy head waiter in rusty black habiliments threw open great double doors and ushered them into the dining room.

If the hotel had seemed bigger it looked as if it ought to be measured by the acre rather than by ordinary standards. Great electric lights blazed, the table linen glistened, the silver and glass sparkled, pleasant-faced waitresses, with ruddy cheeks fresh from farm life and attired in crisp white dresses, hovered about; the orchestra thundered and sighed and rippled and triumphed in a gallery; but otherwise the room was empty. There were to be had white, flaky codfish, just out of the sea, and fried to a delicate brown; purple blueberry cake that melted in the mouth, and all the other delicacies that the country offers to visitors. But the solitude was much for the appetite of the man and the woman.

"The room's too big," said the man finally, pushing away his plate half filled. "It takes away my appetite. Let's get out."

They got up. At this the waitresses gathered in a group and whispered. The ancient head waiter approached them with an anxious face. The orchestra slowed up and a white-gowned figure came hurrying from the kitchen.

"Was anything wrong?" she asked breathlessly.

"Would you like something else cooked?" asked the head waiter, wringing his hands.

"Was the music too loud?" asked the leader of the orchestra.

The man explained hurriedly that he wasn't feeling hungry and hurried out. In the hall some men were waiting to accost him.

"I'm the livery man," said one. "If you'd like to go driving, I'll be glad to let you have the best turn-out at quarter price, because we're not very busy just now."

"I'm the boatman," said another, "and as all my boats are not engaged, I can let you have one cheap if you would like to go sailing."

"I'm a dealer in curiosities," said a third, "and if you are interested in such things, you may be glad to know that I'm selling off at a sacrifice."

The man thanked them and went out upon the piazza. The orchestra seemed to follow them from the dining room, and he walked and sobbed and groaned in the waiting room, behind them. Somehow the night seemed less vast than that great empty dining room.

"What a place for ghosts this would be!" said the woman, returning to her theory.

"Now," said the man mournfully, "when I was here last this piazza was packed with the prettiest girls and the finest fellows you ever saw."

"May be they're ghosts about us now," said the woman with a shiver.

"If they are ghosts," returned the man, "I don't blame them for wanting to come back when I think of the gay-times we used to have here; but as for human beings—"

"Hush!" exclaimed the woman. "What was that?"

It was so still and lonely and big that almost any noise was capable of seeming uncanny. They could hear in the darkness a rustling, shuffling, wheezing sound. Out from the shadows somewhere came a call of "Lady! lady!" and then they saw emerge from the darkness into the light the ancient head waiter.

"Would the lady like to see the ball-room?" he asked.

"Are there any people in it?" asked the man in return. "Live ones, I mean."

The head waiter led the way down the long piazza and, unlocked a door, turned on a blaze of electric lights.

"It's the largest ballroom in the States," he said with a sigh.

It was big enough to play baseball in. Around the sides chairs were arranged for the dancers, the floor was waxed so that it shone like a mirror, and on the stage were the piano and racks for the musicians.

"Says," said the man, "where are all the people?"

"This hotel," said the old man solemnly, "has rooms for 700 people."

"Isn't there anybody in them?" asked the man.

"I've seen the time," returned the head waiter, sadly, "when a thousand people have slept here at a night—on the billiard tables, in the halls, on the dining room tables—wherever there was space for a mattress."

"Business doesn't look so good now," remarked the man.

"Then," continued the head waiter, "there's the parlor, which is quite as big as the ballroom. Would the lady like to see it, too?"

"No, thank you," said the man, "a bedroom will do. Good night."

In the morning when the man went down to breakfast he found sitting on the piazza a good-looking young man with eyeglasses and a black moustache, who was reading an Italian novel. The young man got up when he saw the newcomer and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Glad to see you," he said.

"Thanks," replied the man, "I'm sure of it. I'd be glad to see anybody in a place like this myself. Are you the other guest?"

"There isn't any other guest, I'm sorry to say," replied the young man. "You and your wife are the only guests in the hotel. I'm the manager."

"Oh," said the man. "Have you been long in the business?"

"No," replied the manager. "I'm an architect in Boston by profession, and I thought I'd try this way of passing the summer."

"I'm going to-day," said the guest. "Isn't it kind of wearing to have a hotel with nobody in it?"

"Not at all," replied the manager. "I hope you have received all proper attention and that your stay has been agreeable."

"I'm not used to having a whole hotel to myself," replied the guest.

"I think," said the manager, that I have read somewhere that when the King of Spain lodged in the Escorial he has his choice of 365 rooms. You might have had your choice of double that number merely by mentioning your desire."

"Don't think for a moment," exclaimed the guest, "that I am complaining about—"

"Certainly not," interrupted the manager with a bow. "I chose my words badly if they conveyed the impression that I thought that you were unreasonably discontented. No, my thought was rather that your remark again illustrated the truth that true contentment does not necessarily abide in great palaces or lonely splendor."

Then the man paid his bill and, with the woman, departed.

ITALY'S FUTURE RULER.

Princess Helene of Montenegro is Chosen Bridegroom.

Now that the Prince of Naples, heir to the throne of Italy, has brought his long unsuccessful quest for a wife to a happy end by inducing the Princess Helene of Montenegro to accept him, the French press, recognizing that the engagement is due to Russian influences, is gracefully adapting itself to the altered condition of affairs and adopting a more moderate tone toward the Prince and toward Italy. It seems ready to forgive him for the seemingly unpardonable sin of attending the Kaiser's military manoeuvres in Alsace-Lorraine two years ago.

The official announcements and the telegrams of congratulation sent by all the courts of Europe leave no doubt of the fact of the engagement, strange as it seems, though skepticism was amply justified when the first rumors of it were heard, by the repeated false alarms about the Prince's engagement to nearly every marriageable princess in Europe, Protestant and Catholic. The little Queen of Holland seems to be the only one whom the Prince has left untried. The marriage will connect the Montenegrin house for the first time with the old established royal houses of Western Europe, and will add splendor to the coming celebration of the 20th anniversary of the Danilovich family's acquiring the chieftainship on the Black Mountain. The branch of the House of Savoy, now reigning in Italy, has often taken wives from families that were not royal. The present Duke of Aosta, the next in succession to the throne, is the son of a Piedmontese nobleman's daughter. Princess Helene is described as being tall and strikingly beautiful. She will bring a new strain of blood into the dynasties of Western Europe.

To Czar Nicholas II. is given the credit of bringing about the union. The story is told that at the Moscow coronation he chaffed the Prince of Naples on his being still a bachelor, and called his attention to the beautiful daughters of Russia's Montenegrin ally. An immediate result of the alliance, it is asserted, will be the release of the Italian prisoners held by Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia through the mediation of Russia. In France much importance is given to the reports of Italy's closer connection with Russia, and to the hopes in consequence of her loosening the ties that bind her to the Triple Alliance. The picture drawn of the future King of Italy and his education in a recent number of *Le Figaro* by M. G. Labadie Lagrange is an interesting one.

King Humbert and Queen Margaret made up their minds early that he should be thoroughly educated for the place he was to hold. While a little child he was trained in the external bearing of royalty, diving out from the main entrance

of the palace with his mother the Queen, in a state carriage, surrounded by servants in gorgeous red livery, while soldiers presented arms and the people cheered. The cheers, it is true, were less for him than for his beautiful mother, for the Prince is no beauty, and never had a child's natural grace, even when he smiled. He has the marked chin and prominent under lip characteristic of King Humbert and King Victor Emmanuel, while the upper part of his face shows the regular features of his mother. When he was a boy the difference was very noticeable, but with age the features have grown more harmonious. While his wife and son attended to the proper representation of royalty, King Humbert himself who hates court and ceremony, would slip out by a side door, and drive about the city, attended by a single servant in plain clothes.

The Prince was never popular as a boy. He always showed in his gestures and manners the stiffness and restraint of a child that is constantly acting a part and watching himself. He was brought up too well, a misfortune which he has found it very difficult to overcome. His education has been too complete, with the result that he has only half profited by it. His father insisted that he should have a thorough military training in accordance with the traditions of the house of Savoy. The descendants of Humbert, with the fair hands, have made their way in the world and have not shared the fate of the Viscontis, the Este, the Gonzagas, and so many other Italian families, simply because they have been a race of soldiers. Queen Margaret, on her part, could argue with reason that a Prince called upon to reign in Rome, with the Forum before his eyes, and over the land of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Dante, must know something of archaeology, of art, and of letters.

Unfortunately, the Prince from his birth was not strong. He was pitilessly put through a course of instruction made fashionable for nineteenth century heirs to the throne by Saxe-Coburg fathers like the Prince consort of England and King Leopold I. of Belgium, whose ideal was to turn their children into walking encyclopedias of all human knowledge. Col. Osir undertook the military education of the Prince; teachers of all languages, ancient and modern, of mathematics, physics, and natural science, tried their best to impart their knowledge to him, while Queen Margaret herself, one of the most highly educated women in Italy, personally took charge of his artistic instruction. The result was that between them they nearly killed him, and a long course of bodily exercise was needed to build him up again. The outcome of this elaborate education has been disappointing. The Prince has shown no marked enthusiasm for things artistic, except for numismatics, which probably no one tried to teach him. He is a brilliant cavalry officer, but has thus far shown none of the military instinct that seems to exist in the blood of the men of his house.

He was made a general at 25, and since then the habit of command and the social distractions in which he has taken part have modified his character materially. He has dropped the excessive reserve and the silent and haughty shyness which enveloped him when under the eye of his parents and teachers. He has not acquired his father's gentleness and affability, but still no longer shows toward his subordinates that awkward silent stiffness that has made so bad an impression at the various European courts which he has visited. When a little child his passion for having his own way and the punishments which he threatened to inflict upon his comrades when he became King gave rise to much unpleasant gossip as well as anxiety. These autocratic traits were done away with by his strict education but have appeared once more, transformed into a strong will which recalls that of his grandfather, Victor Emmanuel. The Prince took a prominent part in the events that led to Crispi's fall.

The Dinner Bell.

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Wings of the Wind.

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"Then you are happy?"

"No, I'm not. I've a promissory note note coming due, and don't know how to meet it."

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WHOLESALE AGENTS

BORN.

Moncton, 27, to the wife of James Sutton, a daughter.

Amherst, Sept. 4, to the wife of John Sedgewick, a son.

Yarmouth, Aug. 28, to the wife of Hector Golden, a son.

Odell, Ill., Aug. 17, to the wife of J. P. Larsen, a son.

Digby, Aug. 30, to the wife of Nelson Turnbull, a son.

New Tuscot, Sept. 1, to the wife of James Green, a son.

Pleasant Lake, Aug. 23, to the wife of G. C. Trefry, a son.

Kentville, Sept. 6, to the wife of John A. Mernie, a son.

Kentville, Aug. 27, to the wife of W. J. Harriot, a daughter.

Truro, Aug. 20, to the wife of J. P. Archibald, a son.

Argyle Head, Aug. 20, to the wife of Austin Spence, a son.

Woodstock, Aug. 29, to the wife of John McKenzie, a daughter.

Pleasant Lake, Aug. 23, to the wife of Asa Cunningham, a son.

Lower Granville, Aug. 25, to the wife of Stephen E. Thorne, a son.

New Tuscot, Aug. 24, to the wife of Charles F. Sabean, a son.

Frederickton, Aug. 30, to the wife of Fred W. Ritten, a son.

Havelock, Aug. 23, to the wife of Charles R. Nowlan, a daughter.

Parroboro, Aug. 31, to the wife of James D. Gillespie, a son.

Parroboro, Aug. 30, to the wife of Herbert Newcomb, a daughter.

Truro, Aug. 29, to the wife of Capt. J. C. MacDonnell, a daughter.

MARRIED.

St. Mary's Bay, Aug. 29, by Rev. H. Howe, Walter Peters to Ida Savary.

Chelmsford, Aug. 24, by Rev. T. G. Johnstone, Wm. Ryder to Sadie Clark.

Amherst, Aug. 25, by Rev. J. W. Mihan, R. H. Pye to Catherine Connors.

Woodstock, Aug. 28, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, David Mason to Ella Ritchie.

Halifax, Sept. 5, by Rev. F. H. Wright, Juber W. Walker to Ada Niefel.

Weymouth, Aug. 20, by Rev. C. M. Tyler, Carey E. Godard to Bessie Doty.

Newcastle, Aug. 25, by Rev. D. McIntosh, James Henderson to Mary Howe.

Halifax, Sept. 1, by Rev. J. E. Bouchier, Fred W. Bishop to Bertha Pickings.

Ludlow, Aug. 30, by Rev. A. E. Ingram, G. M. Perkins to Agnes M. Nixon.

St. Stephen, Sept. 2, by Rev. Dr. Spurgeon, Arthur P. Nesbitt to Nellie Wilson.

Amherst, Aug. 27, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Ernest H. Eyles to Lizzie Estabrook.

Waweg, Aug. 20, by Rev. A. W. Lewis, Elmore E. Greenlaw to Hattie M. Giles.

Port La Tour, Aug. 26, by Rev. W. Miller, Levi S. Thomas to Emma L. Crowell.

Greenfield, Aug. 26, by Rev. D. Fiske, George A. Tweedie to Bessie Kirkpatrick.

Yarmouth, Aug. 25, by Rev. E. J. McCarthy, Monte Hubbard to Addie Robichaud.

Bathurst, Sept. 7, by Rev. Thos. Barry, Edgar Fitzpatrick to Elizabeth Eltham.

Somerset, Aug. 26, by Rev. Thos. McFall, Capt. Isaac Cook to Mary Ann Butler.

Chatham Head, Sept. 1, by Rev. Canon Forsyth, William Mitchell to Louise Vye.

Boston, Sept. 2, by Rev. J. A. McKelvin, Harvey Howard to Alice Parante.

Charlottetown, Sept. 1, by Rev. Geo. M. Campbell, Frank Schaefer to Louisa J. Bulpit.

Moschelle, Aug. 26, by Rev. H. Debois, Capt. Edwin Pimman to Augusta Williams.

Fredericton, Sept. 1, by Rev. Dean Partridge, Leonard L. Street to Sarah F. Babbitt.

Annapolis, Sept. 7, by Rev. H. G. Estabrook, Edmund E. Stockton to Bessie Davidson.

Ohio, N. S., Aug. 25, by Rev. P. S. McGregor, Maurice J. Downing to Mabel A. Ross.

Milton, N. B., Sept. 1, by Rev. John Hawley, Charles E. McCullough to Ethel Mitchell.

Pugwash, N. S., Sept. 12, by Rev. C. H. Haverstock, David T. Bell to Edith E. Phillips.

Rockville, Sept. 2, by Rev. D. W. Purdon, Capt. Alvin W. Robbins to Mrs. Josephine Hilton.

DIED.

Truro, Sept. 4, Henry S. Monroe.

Moncton, Aug. 29, John Mun, 75.

Texas, Aug. 30, John E. Harris, 32.

St. John, Sept. 6, Edward Duff, 79.

St. John, Aug. 31, Thomas Boyne, 70.

Charlottetown, Sept. 5, Henry King, 54.

South Boston, Sept. 2, James Revo, 76.

Corberie, Aug. 20, Augustin Lombard.

Deerfield, Aug. 26, Samuel Crosby, 84.

Chatham, Aug. 22, Mary Hawboul, 68.

Guyaboro, Sept. 5, Mrs. John Miller, 60.

St. John, Sept. 8, Williams Stevens, 26.

Moncton, Sept. 6, Richard Delahurot, 78.

Whiteville, Aug. 24, John Forsyth, 74.

Brooklyn, Sept. 5, Capt. George Dick, 62.

Halifax, Aug. 29, Elias N. Woodworth, 77.

Campobello, Aug. 31, Daniel F. Harvey, 77.

St. Stephen, Aug. 27, John D. McMillan, 61.

Cambridgeport, Sept. 2, John McCrehead, 49.

South Mailand, Aug. 23, William T. Ellis, 66.

St. John, Sept. 8, Capt. Edward Thurmott, 60.

Bea River, Aug. 27, Mrs. Ferdinand Terris, 81.

Margaretville, Aug. 24, Mrs. Charles Moody, 45.

Princeton, Me., Aug. 29, Mrs. Nancy B. Brown, 77.

West Pubnico, Aug. 20, Mrs. Thomas D'Entremont, 2.

Rockland, Aug. 7, Ida M., wife of Samuel T. Craig, 46.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 23, Mrs. Violet McComb, 46.

Moncton, Sept. 4, Burton, son of R. T. Taylor, 6 months.

Holliston, Sept. Everett, son of Jesse and Grace Phillips.

Yarmouth, Aug. 16, George Doane, son of Benj. Doane, 44.