

The New Man.

A CIRCUS STORY.

He was called the New Man and known by no other name around the show; probably he figured under some other title on the treasurer's books. The new comer was brought directly to my attention because the manager of the circus and menagerie, as soon as he had joined out, placed him at the door to aid in directing the entry of the crowd. We always drew a crowd and were universally successful everywhere, else I would not have been connected with the organization.

The latest arrival proved to be a valuable factotum for the manager and the front door staff. Besides being possessed of intelligence and a willingness to oblige the stranger had no prejudice against the liberal use of soap and water, and his face was frequently visited by a razor. Besides, he was respectably clothed and presentable, and just the man to send down town to the mail or telegraph, or to run hither and thither in, out and about the canvas.

Come to think of it our demands on New Man were frequent and exacting, but he never complained and was as polite and obliging as he was untiring. What a reliable fellow, too. When he was sent down town from the show lot he made the trip in short meter, and never mixed his errands or forgot the principal things he went for.

Well I had a sort of an idea that the chap had "a past"; that is, that there was some sort of a story connected with his career and that he had seen better days. But New Man was non-communicative and I could find no excuse for prying into his affairs.

I did sound the governor on the matter, and his response seemed to be a reasonable solution of his presence with the show.

"Oh," said the manager, "I guess it is the old story of love. I've seen lots of such cases in my time. Young fellow and his girl fall out. Mist! Mist! A lover's quarrel even a mitten, and the love-sick chap follows off the circus until he repents and returns, or a dose of rain and mud and rough living and rough working knocks the nonsense out of his head."

"A safe bet, is it?" said I.

"A safe bet," replied the manager.

After this conversation I made a close study of New Man, and came to the sage conclusion that the stranger betrayed none of the symptoms. Certainly he was ever in good humor, and there was nothing of the far away or absentmindedness in his bearing, and having witnessed his efforts with a knife and fork at the show dining tent I can vouch for his appetite. That satisfied me that he was not wasting away for unrequited love.

Now as I was the press agent attached to the show, and a sort of headquarters chief staff for the governor, I had something else to do besides build up conjectures about the mysterious Mr. New Man, but from time to time my mind did turn to him, and once in such a turn it led me to ask myself:

"If this man is not in love and heartless, what is the explanation of his presence with the show?"

I kept up this line of thought for two or three days and came to the suspicious conclusion:

Perhaps he is a criminal, with no good intentions to the show, or, quite as bad, he may be playing the spy for a rival management.

I had not the slightest grounds for my theory, but every day it forced itself the more upon me, and the more I thought the more I was convinced that there was something wrong about the latest addition to the working force.

My suspicions became exceedingly annoying, and I was tempted to communicate them to the governor, but when I essayed to do so I remained silent. A suspicion is no evidence, and, having no proof, I had no reason for a charge.

Keeping such a suspicion to one's self is a wearing thing, and I lost both sleep and appetite over the matter, and worried myself into a state of mind that took flesh off my bones, and the manager, noting my growing thinness, remarked:

"You look like a june shad."

I attributed my decline to the hot weather and the governor observed:

"If you don't fatten up you will have to go in the sideshow as a living skeleton."

From being suspicious of New Man I took to watching in a Hawkshaw way and I was not at it long before I was aware of the fact that he was keeping a pretty close eye on me.

I watched him; he watched me. What I found out wouldn't hurt anybody, until between the shows one afternoon, in passing through the connection of the circus and menagerie tents, I overheard a woman's voice:

"Keep your eye on him. I tell you there is mischief afoot."

I peeped through a hole at the lacing of the sidewall and saw that the speaker was our star female rider, a woman of foreign birth and reputation, of whom we knew nothing except that she was an incomparable artist.

New Man must have heard my stealthy movement in the sawdust.

"Hist!" was his warning as he walked away, not once looking back.

There was a swishing of the woman's skirts as she slowly, with catlike stealth, stole away.

"Mischief afoot!" I repeated to myself. "I must see the governor at once."

I thought better of that quickly. I didn't know anything that amounted to anything after all, and would only be laughed at for my pains. I would, on second thought, keep my own counsel and watch and wait.

Patience solves every problem.

I entered into the watching and waiting business with a vengeance and became more

of a Hawkshaw than ever. I was on the snoop and the sneak all the while, and my eyes and ears were open at the expense of my rest. Since I had gone into the independent detective business another party had crossed my path as a panther in a mysterious conspiracy.

There was a conspiracy, I was convinced of it from the first suspicion, and the interview of New Man and the equestrienne was confirmation of my belief.

Cutting across the show lot one night, after the show, I heard a man's voice raised in anger; his temper had the best of him, and, ever on the alert, I caught the words:

"If a hint or a warning comes from your lips I will kill you! kill you!"

I don't know whether my heart stood still, but I was fixed to the spot; neither do I know how many times the threat was repeated:

"Kill you! kill you! kill you!"

It was not very dark, and my eyes were sharp in those days, and I was used to prowling along unlighted streets and freight yards to the show train. What I saw amazed me. The assistant boss canvasman was striding away, fairly dragging our star equestrienne with him, and until they passed into the utter darkness I heard or imagined I heard:

"Kill you! kill you! kill you!"

I got down to the show train busy with my thoughts—quite busy and I was busy with them all night. I looked it in the morning and I felt it.

Now, I would inform the manager that there was mischief afoot. What I tell him that I was prying and snooping around? After reflection I decided that I would not but would continue in my self imposed task of watching and waiting.

As I had overheard something startling at the connection between the two tents, I visited that locality frequently between the afternoon and evening shows, and was rewarded for my inquisitiveness by hearing a communication between the equestrienne and New Man:

"To-night."

Two words, a swish of skirts, and the woman was gone; the man went his way and I went mine.

That night I laid down in my berth in the sleeper with my clothes on, sure that something out of the ordinary would occur before morning. About three o'clock I was getting noddy, when the porter of the car, showing a great deal of white in his eyes, touched me on the shoulder and asked:

"Are you awake?"

I crawled out of the berth, and the man explained:

"I done heered a pistol shot for shuah!"

The train was going at a fair rate of speed and all the rest in the car were sleeping. The door opened and New Man came in.

"He tried it, and I did him," was the first thing he said. Then, as if understanding that his meaning was not comprehended he explained: "Tunis, the assistant boss canvasman with false keys attempted to rob the ticket wagon. I was laying for him and shot him dead!"

The whites of the porter's eyes monopolized the greater part of his face.

"Ha!" said I, "she betrayed him."

"His wife," whispered the man; who added, "better wake the old man and tell him what has happened."

I did so, but the governor, to my surprise, didn't appear to be so very much surprised at the news. He coolly remarked:

"You are sure that he is dead? Well, I'll be dressed in a few minutes."

When he came out of his stateroom he said:

"What a desperate and nifty villain. It is a good thing that the woman is rid of him. She is a brave one, too, and it was no fault of hers that she married a notorious criminal. It was to escape him that she came to this country, and at the risk of her life she put us on to the whole scheme."

We passed out of the private car into the sleeper, and as we entered the governor exclaimed:

"A good night's work!"

A good night's work it was. By this time the colored porter began to exhibit every indication of turning white, and his teeth were playing a bone solo to the tam bo accompaniment of his knees.

There was a surprise awaiting me. It came in the introduction of:

"Mr. Newman, of the Pinkerton's."

We shook hands, and the detective was complimentary as well as affable as he remarked with a laugh:

"You were getting pretty close on yourself. I was on the eve of letting you into the scheme."

The manager looked enquiringly.

"Oh," smiled the detective, "our young friend has the making of a good one in our line of business." Of course the shooting Tunis, the thief, was declared justifiable, and there was no trouble on that score.

The man's record was one full of theft and crime, and there was much rejoicing in police circles at his exit from the world.

Not a person on earth students a necessary experience, and his wife who had lived for years in terror, a last knew peace and safety. No mourning or weeds were worn by her. On the contrary, she celebrated the villain's departure from life by wearing the gayest of colors all the rest of the season.

Not so bad.

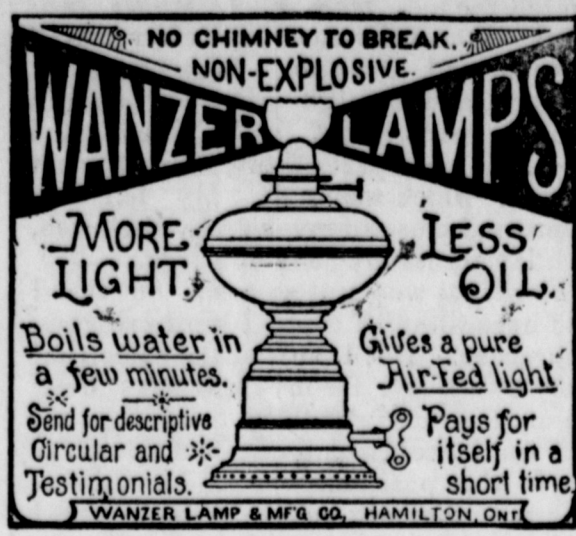
One of the famous English musicians of the first half of our century, John Cramer, had great reputation also as a veteran courtier and an adept in elegant flattery. To judge from the following anecdote, his

reputation in this respect must have been well deserved:

A contemporaneous pianoforte player Thalberg, once said before a company, with a degree of pique, "I understand, Mr. Cramer, you deny that I have the good left hand on the pianoforte which is attributed to me. Let me play you something that I hope will convince you."

Thereupon Thalberg played a piece that showed wonderful manipulation of the bass part of the keyboard. Cramer listened attentively, and then said:

"I'm still of the same opinion, Monsieur Thalberg; I think you have no left hand. I think you have two right hands!"



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JUST IN TIME.

Heart Disease Had Him at Death's Door—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Worked Almost a Miracle.

C. A. Campbell, Mountiron, Minn., writes: "I laid just at the point of death from most acute heart disease, and with hardly a hope that any remedy could reach my case I procured a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I believe this great remedy got to me just in time. The first dose gave me great relief inside of thirty minutes, and before I had taken a bottle I was up from what I thought was my death bed. I was cured, and I consider my cure almost miraculous."

She Liked Sailing.

The following true tale, from the February Lippincott, is a most curious example of living well on nothing a year without breaking the laws of the land: About twenty years ago a steam-packet company of Liverpool wished to buy a piece of land which was owned by a "stay-at-home-spinner," as her neighbors described her. She sold her land at a very low price, but insisted upon a clause being inserted in the agreement giving her the right, at any time during her life, to travel with a companion in any of the company's vessels. When the agreement was closed, she sold her furniture and went on board the first outgoing ship belonging to the packet company. For years this shrewd spinster lived nearly all the time upon one ship or another, frequently accompanied by a companion, according to agreement. This was always a person who otherwise would have been a regular passenger, but who purchased her ticket at a reduced rate by paying the spinster instead of the packet company. The company offered her more than twice the value of the land if she would give up the privilege, but this she would not do. Her reply was, "You got the land cheap, and I like sailing, so we both ought to be satisfied."



Albert, April 2, to the wife of John A. Taylor a son.

Cocheater, March 4, to the wife of Samuel Guild a son.

Kentville, March 18, to the wife of Joe E. Chase, a son.

Beilwinn, March 29, to the wife of John Morton, a son.

Kingsport, March 31, to the wife of Edwin Ellis, a son.

Bridgewater, April 4, to the wife of W. D. Hall, a son.

Hortonville, March 22, to the wife of Joseph King a son.

Clark's Harbor, April 1, to the wife of T. F. Doland a son.

Springhill, March 31, to the wife of John Fletcher, a son.

Springhill, April 1, to the wife of A. H. McLeod, a daughter.

Truro, March 28, to the wife of Neil Campbell a daughter.

Wolfville, March 24, to the wife of John Kaye, a daughter.

Halifax, March 29, to the wife of Oscar Chase, a daughter.

Halifax, April 2, to the wife of Arthur Rockwell, a daughter.

Toronto, April 4, to the wife of Henry A. Gray, a daughter.

Truro, April 3, to the wife of Wm. Jeffrey, a daughter.

Springhill, April 4, to the wife of Fred Nelson, a daughter.

Cambridge, April 6, to the wife of Charles Mills, a daughter.

Bathurst, April 5, to the wife of Wm. McConnea, a daughter.

Centreville, April 2, to the wife of Donald Messenger, a son.

Canning, March 6, to the wife of Dexter Davidson, a daughter.

Cheverly, March 30, to the wife of Capt. J. F. Rose, a daughter.



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RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

Lve. St. John at 7.15 a.m., ar. Digby 10.15 a.m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.
Lve. Digby at 1.00 p.m., ar. St. John, 4.00 p.m. Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lve. Halifax 6.30 a.m., ar. in Digby 12.50 p.m.
Lve. Digby 1.02 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 3.35 p.m. Tues. and Fri.
Lve. Halifax 7.45 a.m., ar. Digby 12.30 p.m.
Lve. Digby 12.42 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p.m.
Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a.m., ar. Digby 11.10 a.m.
Lve. Digby 11.25 a.m., ar. Halifax 5.45 p.m. Mon. and Thurs.
Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a.m., ar. Digby 10.09 a.m.
Lve. Digby 10.14 a.m., ar. Halifax 3.30 p.m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri.
Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a.m., ar. Digby 8.50 a.m.
Lve. Digby 8.20 p.m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p.m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on flying business between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S.S. Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE

By far the finest and swiftest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N.S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains and "Flying Business" Expresses, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p.m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.

P. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

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