

The Love-Bridge.

Two little feet upon the stairs,
Two little arms were open wide,
Two little hands would bar the way
Trying to reach from side to side.
With smiling glances, two brown eyes
Looked up to mine in the softened light.
The sweet child voice in answer told
Why I must own her playful right.

*Dis is a love-bridge, papa says,
Dis is the gate, my arms so wide,

Div me a kiss as you go through,
I'll div it back on the other side."
I bend to give my kiss, and think
Of the "love-bridge" across life's sea,
Where this gate is a father's arms,
Willing to open wide for me.
When the treasures swept from my sight,
When tossed and turned by wind and tide,
Have passed the gate, and he will give
Them back to me the other side.

THE BLACK FAN.

'Who was the man who left your apartments just now, as I entered, and what did he want here?'

Amanda Malthay, the 'star' tragedienne, looked at her questioner and smiled; then, giving a little shrug, she replied, coldly:

'You are inquisitive, Sir Horace—not to say impertinent!'

The young nobleman winced, and an angry flush mantled his handsome face.

'It seems to me that I have the right to ask this question,' he said impatiently.

'When a woman accepts costly presents from a man he has some claim on her, and naturally likes to know if he has a rival.'

The actress rose quickly from her reclining chair, and stopped him with a haughty gesture.

'Your costly presents, Sir Horace Wendelin, you shall have back at once!' she said her voice vibrating with indignation.

With that she went towards her boudoir, but she had taken but a few steps when the young man sprang forward and seized her arm.

'Forgive me!' he begged. 'I spoke hastily. You bewitch me, torment me, make me jealous! I love you—love you madly—and yet—'

'And yet!' she repeated, turning sharply, and fixing her cold, dark eyes upon him. 'Fifth, Sir Horace—do!'

'And yet you treat me so indifferently at times—as if I were nothing to you.'

She laughed harshly, and resumed her seat.

The young man bit his lips and scowled.

'For a person who is madly in love, Sir Horace,' she said, provokingly, 'you have a strange way of looking and acting. With the trifling presents which you have bestowed upon me from time to time you have doubtless thrown in many ardent protestations of love, of adoration, and so forth; but, as yet, not one word of marriage have you breathed. Or isn't your mad love of the sort that leads to wedlock?' she added, giving her adorer a piercing look, while the corners of her mouth curled scornfully.

Sir Horace stood before her with a disconcerted air.

'Oh, you don't answer that!' sneered the actress, playing with her fan. 'What kind of a person do you take me to be, pray?'

'An enchantress, a heartless coquette!' said the young nobleman, savagely. 'You have drawn me into your net, merely to trifle with my feelings, to empty my pockets, then to cast me off like old clothes and laugh at me.'

'Like the one you saw go out as you came in,' interposed the actress, mockingly. 'But he at least had the manliness to ask me to be his wife. I threw him over because—well, because, I didn't wish to marry him, and—to be perfectly frank with you—because I really love another.'

Sir Horace gaped at his tormentor, turning alternately white and red.

'You—you love another?' he stammered finally, sinking into an armchair and covering his face with his hands, which trembled visibly, as if he were greatly agitated.

'Does that move you so much?' queried the actress, speaking all at once in a tone which sounded very tender.

The nobleman raised his head and eyed her eagerly.

'Would you like to know who this other one is?' she continued, flashing her dark eyes at him.

'My God!' exclaimed Sir Horace, springing to his feet and walking excitedly up and down the room, 'why you delight in torturing me so?'

'It is you who torture yourself,' she replied quietly. 'I repeat, I love another; and furthermore, if he were not so blind he could see it easily enough!'

Saying which she rose, stepped up to the young man, and placing a hand gently on his shoulder, added with some emotion:

'Sir Horace Wendelin, you are that man!'

With a cry of joy he made a movement to clasp her in his arms; but she pushed him forcibly back.

'No, no—not yet,' she said, bitterly—'not till you ask me to be your wife; then—only then can you hold me in your arms.'

He stared at her a moment, as if confounded, the blood rushing hot to his head; then, muttering a curse, he grasped her soft hands rudely, and squeezed them with all his might, till she cried out for pain.

'Tempest! that can never be!' he said, passionately, unmindful of her cries.

'Our stations in life are too far apart for that—but—'

With a desperate effort she freed herself from his grasp, glanced at the red marks which his fingers had left on her delicate white hands; then, drawing herself self proudly erect, her eyes glaring, she pointed commandingly to the door and said:

'Dearly shall you pay for this outrage, Sir Horace Wendelin!'

The color forsook the young man's face as he shrank before her, and the next moment she had brushed out of the room leaving him alone.

It was the day of the officers' steeplechase. The road leading to West End was unusually animated. The footpath was crowded with well-dressed people, and the roadway filled with vehicles of all kinds.

Many were the admiring glances cast at the four in hand, as well as the rocking mail coaches, which mostly were the colors

of their owners' regiment, and on which swarmed uniforms and gaily clad feminine forms.

Overhead the sky arched a greenish blue, light clouds of a brimstone color sailed through it, and a gentle warm wind stirred the tree tops.

From among the gay party on the blue and white mail coach belonging to the X Cuirassiers a little gloved hand reached up to the trees and broke off a full twig.

'There, Sir Horace, said a soft voice in the laughter which prevailed on the top seats, 'let that be your talisman today!'

Sir Horace Wendelin accepted the token with a light laugh, and stuck it in his jockey cap.

Dressed in a brilliant jockey costume, which half disappeared under the overcoat thrown over it, the young nobleman, who was to be one of the riders today, looked exceedingly handsome, and the charming Countess Lona, to whom the surrounding group of brother cuirassiers were making court, did not spare him with her teasing coquetry.

Indeed, Sir Horace also courted the fair lady, but with more serious intentions.

At first he had approached the captivating countess only out of a spirit of revenge against Amanda Malthay the actress, who had spurned his advances. By exciting the jealousy of the latter, whom he believed really loved him after a fashion he had hoped to bend her ultimately to his will.

But now, after flirting with the gay countess for eight weeks, he had perceived that he had learned to love this sweet, coquettish creature with a true, worshipping love.

Lady Lona had put on his colors today, blue and white, and while receiving the attentions of the others with her usual saucy vivacity, for Sir Horace she had particularly fascinating smiles and glances, which served to enhance his passion.

Suddenly a companion nudged him in the side and winked toward the right, below.

An elegant open carriage drawn by a magnificent black team, with the coachman and footman in a livery of striking simplicity, appeared beside the mail coach.

Sir Horace started and almost groaned.

On the back seat, sunk in the cushions, sat a lady in a dark habit, holding in her hand a partly closed black fan.

This woman was not beautiful, not young, but more than beautiful, more than young—she had the appearance of a demon. The color of her skin was pale and lifeless, but the dark eyes glittered under the black cloud of hair, which almost enveloped the brow, and the broad, curling lips glowed as red as carnations.

The ladies on the mail coach craned their necks, and said to each other in low tones:

'The Malthay?'

'How dismal she looks again!' whispered Lady Lona to a friend. 'I saw her last week as Medea, and, really, when she rushed on the stage with the bloody dagger in her hand, I had all I could do to keep from crying out with horror! Dear me, how she played! The audience went wild over her!'

Lady Lona struck her saucy little nose in the air, and 'scented' over towards Sir Horace.

'They say, Irene, that he had a little love affair with the Malthay. Of course, marriage was out of the question. How was it possible—an actress!'

Irene no longer heeded her rather indifferently.

Meanwhile the Malthay's carriage kept in line with the mail coach. Its occupant, however, disdained to throw a glance either to the right or left.

Sir Horace quivered convulsively in every limb with irritation, his bronzed face coloring dark red.

'Drive on, Downing!' he called to his companion holding the reins.

The whip lashed danced over the backs of the horses, who quickened their pace, but at the same moment the carriage of the Malthay rolled on faster also.

Wendelin knit his brows.

'What ails you, Sir Horace?' inquired Lady Lona, mischievously. 'You look as a thunder cloud, and yet you were as bright as sunshine only a minute ago! Are you getting nervous? That will never do if you wish to win! Remember, I am wearing your colors today, and you must prove yourself worthy of the honor by coming in first!'

She added with a roguish laugh.

Wendelin looked at the fascinating speaker with a forced smile.

'Oh,' he said, 'my face must have belied my feelings! My colors shall win, never fear, Lady Lona!'

West End was now in sight. A crowd of people could be seen behind the bars, on the stands, while over the level course rose a cloud of dust, through which the sunlight shone, and in which two rapidly moving little points could be distinguished.

When the mail coach had stopped, and Sir Horace had assisted Lady Lona to alight, he loitered with her a little behind the rest of the party, and, unable to contain himself any longer, pressed her pretty hand, whispering in her ear:

'What reward have you for me, Lady Lona, if I win?'

'You shall have my brightest smile!' she replied, coquettishly.

'Nothing else?'

'Isn't that enough, greedy man?'

'Lona, I love you!' he said, suddenly, his fine eyes sparkling with passion. 'And when I drive my horse on to victory I shall dream that your love is the stake!'

'Agreed!' she said, with a clear laugh. He stooped and kissed her hand; as he did so something black swept past them, like a large, dark bird.

It was the Malthay.

Sir Horace shuddered in spite of himself and his face clouded.

'You must steady your nerves, if you would win the stake!' said the countess, shaking her finger at him playfully.

For all answer he pressed her hand warmly, hurried with her to overtake his party, and was soon striding toward the stables, where the gentlemen who were to ride were already assembled.

A groom brought him his horse. He had the blanket removed, and examined the saddling.

The horses, trembling in every limb, and covered with foam and dust, were being led to and fro.

Sir Horace patted their necks sympathetically, gazed before him in a dreamy way, shook his head, as if to get rid of a gloomy thought, then collected himself and weighed with his companions every chance of the competing horses, which were now all on the spot.

'Kleist's North Star may be dangerous to you,' remarked a slim cuirassier to Wendelin. 'The dark horses you needn't mind. Bernice isn't a bit nervous today.'

'But I so much the more,' growled Sir Horace. 'The devil knows what ails me!'

The cuirassier placed his hand on his sleeve.

'Withdraw, Wendelin; say you are sick, he urged.

'Not for the world, Cuthbert, you don't know what's at stake for me!' said the nobleman, seriously.

Now the riders were called to draw numbers for places. Sir Horace had the third.

'Mount!' came the command.

In a trice the officers were in the saddle, and rode their horses slowly to the starting point, North Star jogging up lazily the last.

At last the horses stood in a line, the gong sounded, the flag fell, and they bounded away.

One of the dark horses led. Bernice and North Star reserved their strength.

The animals took the first hurdle without any exertion, the gay colored field still keeping together.

The next obstacle, a mound with live hedges, was taken beautifully by Bernice and North Star, both making the leap at the same time, and running on girth to girth, leaving the field scattered behind and virtually out of the race.

Now they were in the homestretch, flying toward the grand stand, where Lady Lona watched, and opposite to which the last obstacle was erected.

The spectators sat motionless, breathless, staring. Lady Lona was deadly pale, her sweet face wearing an expression of tormenting suspense.

On they came, neck and neck, Wendelin bent almost double in his saddle, straining every nerve, his teeth set, pressing his spurs into Bernice's foaming flanks.

Already the white boards of the barrier gleamed at him; already the great shout rent the air; 'Bernice! Bernice!' when, to the right, in the first row of the seats on the grand stand, a large black fan was thrown open suddenly, and the sunshine, playing upon the spangled embroidery, produced a sort of flashing reflection, which shot far out.

Bernice made a nervous movement, plunged, struck her front hoofs against the boards, and fell over backwards, burying her rider under the weight of her body.

The next instant North Star took the barrier as gracefully as a deer, and the dark horses came rushing up behind.

From the grand stand sounded frightened cries; on the other side of the bars the crowd surged and passed forward.

Comrades surrounded the thrown rider and quickly pulled off the kicking horse, while a physician elbowed his way through the shocked throng.

Sir Horace Wendelin lay upon his back, with crushed ribs, scarcely breathing, the blood trickling from the corners of his mouth down upon the green turf.

A flower girl, overcome with terror, let her basket of roses fall to the ground; her stereotyped smile had changed into a distortion.

The officers stood in a circle around the dying man; the music broke off shrilly.

The stands were emptied. Lady Lona was carried away unconscious.

Amanda Malthay, the 'star' tragedienne, took the arm of a well-known sportsman.

'Lead me to my carriage, my lord,' she said with white lips. 'I dare not make myself nervous, for I must play this evening.'

It was a strange look that her escort fixed upon her, and, as he led her away, he felt her hand tremble on his arm.—N. Y. Clipper.

A Little Back door.

President McKinley's reference to civil service reform would have been satisfactory had he not stated his purpose to relieve some of the official classes from the operations of the law.

BORN.

Sydney, Dec. 14, to the wife of R. Morrison, a son.
Tiverton, Dec. 18, to the wife of Obadiah Smith, a son.
Westport, Dec. 15, to the wife of Stephen Frost, a son.
Springhill, Dec. 11, to the wife of Henry Cottenden, a son.
Hopewell Cape, Dec. 20, to the wife of E. E. Peck, a son.
Parrboro, Dec. 4, to the wife of Alex McDougal, a son.
Springhill, Dec. 15, to the wife of A. W. Higgins, a son.
Springhill, Dec. 20, to the wife of Malign Creighton, a son.
Bridgetown, Dec. 14, to the wife of Louis Mitchell, a son.

Hantsport, Dec. 7, to the wife of John Frizzle, a daughter.
Colchester, Dec. 10, to the wife of John Wynn, a daughter.

Liverpool, Dec. 18, to the wife of A. H. Dunlap, a daughter.
Middletown, Dec. 16, to the wife of Michael Francis, a daughter.

Five Islands, Nov. 23, to the wife of Albert Weatherie, a son.
Sydney, Dec. 14, to the wife of Charles Rudderham, a daughter.

Jardineville, Dec. 14, to the wife of Mr. Wm. Scott, a son.
Main River, Dec. 17, to the wife of Mr. Cal. Carthage, a son.

Middletown, Dec. 10, to the wife of Rev. E. E. Locke, a son.
Springhill, Dec. 20, to the wife of William Cummings, a son.

Beverly Mass, Dec. 4, to the wife of William S. Doherty, a son.
New Germany, Nov. 26, to the wife of Samuel Mosier, a son.

Playmouth, to the wife of Commander Arthur Y. Muir, a son.
Bridgewater, Dec. 20, to the wife of S. Edgar March, a daughter.

North Sydney, Dec. 19, to the wife of Cline McDonald, a daughter.
Stanley, Hants, Dec. 9, to the wife of William Anthony, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Sussex, by Rev. J. S. Sutherland, Titus M. Stone to Mary Dunn.
Halifax, Dec. 11, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Harry Ansell to Mary M. Usher.

Halifax, Dec. 22, by Rev. N. LeMoine, B. R. Bent to Minnie E. Morine.
Benton, Dec. 9, by Rev. H. Harrison, Charles M. Orr to Julia Murchland.

Halifax, Dec. 14, by Rev. J. S. Dusan, Jas. D. Drake to Nellie Stewart.
East Hants, Dec. 15, by Rev. L. Daniels, Walter Angus to Cora McKenna.

Kentville, Dec. 22, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Fred Young to Ethel Barnaby.
Halifax, Dec. 14, by Rev. Mr. Smith Joseph Drysdale to Minnie F. Barron.

Halifax, Dec. 8, by Rev. J. F. Dusan, Charles T. Conrod to Marriet Myrar.
Caisis, Dec. 8, by Rev. S. A. Bender, Robert A. Armano to Helen E. Toft.

Eastport, Dec. 6, by Rev. F. W. Brooks, John R. O'Hara to Lena Peacock.
Kingsley, Dec. 15, by Rev. E. C. Freeman, John T. Kay to Catherine Steen.

Halifax, Dec. 15, by Rev. E. P. Crawford, Stanley D. Sugrue to Mary Hartlen.
Cocagne, Dec. 15, by Rev. Edwin Smith, Ephraim Todd to Abigail J. Murray.

Bridgewater, Dec. 14, by Rev. W. E. Geller, Albert Helm to Lydia McKay.
Boston, Nov. 17, by Rev. Mr. Morgan, James Connor to Zilia V. Lovely.

Woodstock, Dec. 2, by Rev. M. P. Orser, Jacob Wise to Hope W. Lovering.
Canning, Dec. 15, by Rev. J. R. West, Lindsey J. Barzouze to Lelia B. Parker.

Nappan, Dec. 21, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Thos. J. Lawrence to Sarah Ada Pope.
West Northfield, by Rev. L. M. McCreery, George R. Oickle to Ellen Aulenback.

Oxford, Nov. 20, by Rev. J. E. Munro, Stanley H. Peppard to Ona A. Brownell.
Nerepis, Dec. 15, by Rev. C. D. MacIntosh, Samuel J. Larnin to Mary E. Myles.

Mahone Bay, Dec. 18, by Rev. E. A. Harris, David Burgoyne to Charlotte Vainant.
Oak Bay, Dec. 9, by Rev. W. H. Morgan, Leon A. Wilson to E. George M. Hopps.

Caisis, Dec. 2, by Rev. W. J. D. Thomas, George L. Russen to Eva Maud Eaton.
Cromwellport, Dec. 12, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, Harry D. Morreau to Olive Pheener.

Acadia Mines, Nov. 17, by Rev. Dr. Walsh, John S. Morris to Mary E. Langille.
Halifax, Dec. 13, by Rev. Wm. Dobson, Albert N. Wadsworth to Lelia Gibbon.

Digby, Dec. 22, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Arnold R. Northrup to Lelia Gibbon.
Collin, Kings Co., Dec. 21, by Rev. Gideon Swin, Allan Northrup to Lelia Gibbon.

Dear Island, Nov. 20, by Rev. D. Patterson, Fred C. McKenney to Annie B. Harris.
Halifax, Dec. 22, by Rev. Mr. Ross, Samuel G. Carrell to Elizabeth W. Fleming.

Briglow, Dec. 11, by Rev. J. Strothard, John H. Hanchman to Lelia May Taylor.
Acadia Mines, Nov. 25, by Rev. J. D. Spidel, Edward L. Ross to Dell Morrison.

Montreal, Dec. 21, by Rev. T. J. Massell, Allan G. Crawford to Evangeline E. Strang.
East Port Medway, Dec. 12, by Rev. T. H. Siddall, Eben Vaughan to Louise J. Parks.

Oak Bay, Dec. 16, by Rev. W. H. Morgan, Howard Gillman to Mrs. Grace Bartlett.
Fairville, Dec. 20, by Rev. Arthur S. Morton, Daniel Campbell to Lizzie Chambers.

St. John, Dec. 22, by Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, James McDonald to Susie Cunningham.
Tatamagouche, Dec. 15, by Rev. D. A. Frame, Frederick E. Layton to Kate M. Bacon.

Fredericton, Dec. 21, by Rev. William McDonald, Samuel W. Peacock to Mary M. Carson.
Truro, Dec. 8, by the Archdeacon of Nova Scotia, John Smith, to Jeanne Francis Wiewel.

Middle Musquodoboit, Dec. 7, by Rev. Edwin Smith, Nathan Sargent to Francis Bruce.
Tatamagouche, Dec. 2, by Rev. D. A. Frame, Clarence McLanders, to Mary D. Waugh.

Little Ridge, Dec. 8, by Rev. William Peacock, Robert W. McIntosh to Jennie C. McLeod.
Amherst, Dec. 22, by Rev. J. H. McDonald, Alexander H. Harrington to Sarah H. Hennessy.

Young's Cove, Dec. 18, by Rev. James Strothard, Ward L. Hudson to Winnie May Hardwick.
DIED.

Truro, Dec. 13, Annie Barnhill.
Halifax, Dec. 24, Louis Jones, 28.

Rosedale, Dec. 10, Nella R. Keys.
Salem, Dec. 6, Frank E. Tuttle, 19.

Windsor, Dec. 23, Susan Curry, 76.
Tiverton, Dec. 7, Roy Randolph, 4.

Halifax, Dec. 16, John Sullivan, 74.
Truro, Dec. 18, Bertha May Watson.

Truro, Dec. 13, Rebecca Layton, 27.
St. John, Dec. 20, Benjamin Bell, 56.

Halifax, Dec. 18, Harry T. Edwards.
Chatham, Dec. 17, Mary A. Allen, 29.

Truro, Dec. 18, Bertha May Smith, 3.
Milltown, Dec. 10, Sarah May Roy, 3.

Mayfield, Dec. 11, Levis Dillman, 72.
Beverly, Dec. 21, Margaret S. Taylor.

Truro, Dec. 17, Mrs. Laura Ryder, 26.
Amherst, Dec. 23, Jacob Benjamin, 93.

Truro, Nov. 18, Mrs. Robert Green, 36.
Bridgetown, Dec. 21, Helen Foster, 77.

Halifax, Dec. 20, Alice May Barnes, 19.

Halifax, Dec. 19, Emma McLaughlin, 38.
Rose Bay, Dec. 8, Mary Himmelman, 67.

Westchester, Dec. 10, Mrs. Atchinson, 92.
Halifax, Dec. 21, Edward John Burke, 1.

Marshalltown, Dec. 14, Amanda Ring, 45.
Cashing's Island, Gregory M. McLean, 27.

Tower Hill, Dec. 8, Archibald Logan, 28.
Alliston, Mass., Dec. 11, Anna E. Cook, 33.

Igglewood, Dec. 22, Hannah S. Knight, 80.
New Glasgow, Dec. 15, John McGregor, 41.

Chatham, Dec. 13, Mrs. William Mather, 41.
East Mountain, Colchester, Foster Hoar, 38.

Wallingford, Conn., Dec. 5, Wm. Bolton, 86.
Low Point, Dec. 19, Catherine Ratchford, 54.

St. Stephen, Dec. 18, Chas. Frederick Poole.
Princeton Mass., Dec. 11, David Townsend, 70.

Yarmouth, Dec. 20, James Budd Moody, 69.
East Amherst, Dec. 15, Ruth E. Chapman, 61.

St. Andrews, Dec. 15, W. Bradford Boone, 67.
Hamilton, Bermuda, Dec.