

## The Rose of The Ghetto.

One day it occurred to Leibel that he ought to get married. He went to Sugarman the Shadchan forthwith.

'I have the very thing for you,' said the great marriage broker.

'Is she pretty?' asked Leibel.

'Her father has a boot and shoe warehouse,' replied Sugarman enthusiastically.

'Then there ought to be a dowry with her,' said Leibel eagerly.

'Certainly a dowry! A fine man like you!'

'When could I see her?'

'I will arrange for you to call next Sabbath afternoon.'

'You want charge me more than a sovereign?'

'Not a groschen more! Such a pious maiden! And, of course, five per cent. on the dowry?'

'H'm! Well, I don't mind.'

On the Saturday Leibel went to see the damsel, and on the Sunday he went to see Sugarman the Shadchan.

'But your maiden squints!' he cried recently.

'An excellent thing!' said Sugarman.

'A wife who squints can never look her husband straight in the face and overwhelm him. Who would quail before a woman with a squint?'

'Why, the girl is a hunchback!' he protested furiously.

'My dear Leibel,' said the marriage broker, deprecatingly shrugging his shoulders and spreading out his palms.

'You can't expect perfection?'

Nevertheless, Leibel persisted in his unreasonable attitude. He accused Sugarman of wasting his time, of making a fool of him.

This gave Leibel pause, and he departed without having definitely broken the negotiations. His whole week was befogged by doubt, his work became uncertain, his chalkmarks lacked their decision, and he did not always cut his coat according to his cloth. His aberrations became so marked that pretty Rose Green, the sweeter's eldest daughter, who managed a machine in the same room, divined, with all a woman's intuition, that he was in love.

'What is the matter?' she said in rallying Yiddish, when they were taking their lunch of bread and cheese.

'They are proposing me a match, he answered sullenly.

'A match?' ejaculated Rose. 'Thou!'

She had worked by his side for years, and familiarity—bred the second person singular.

'With whom?' asked Rose.

'With Leah Volcovitch?'

'Leah Volcovitch?' gasped Rose.

'Leah, the boot and shoe manufacturer's daughter?'

Leibel hung his head—he scarce knew why.

'And why dost thou not have her?' said Rose.

Leibel did not reply.

'Is it that thou likest me better?' she asked.

Leibel seemed to see a ball of lightning in the air; it burst, and he felt the electric current strike right through his heart. The shock threw his head up with a jerk so that his eyes gazed into a face whose beauty and tenderness were revealed to him for the first time. The face of his old acquaintance had vanished—this was a cajoling, coquettish, smiling face, suggesting uncreated of things.

'Nu, yes,' he replied, without perceptible pause.

'Nu, good!' she rejoined as quickly.

And in the ecstasy of that moment of mutual understanding Leibel forgot to wonder why he had never thought of Rose before. Afterward he remembered that she had always been his social superior.

Before he left that night Rose said to him: 'Art thou sure thou wouldst not rather have Leah Volcovitch?'

'Not for all the boots and shoes in the world,' replied Leibel vehemently.

The landing outside the workshop was so badly lighted that their lips came to gether in the darkness.

'Nay, nay, thou must not yet,' said Rose. 'Thou art still courting Leah Volcovitch. For aught thou knowest, Sugarman the Shadchan may have entangled thee beyond redemption.'

Leibel found Sugarman at supper.

'You don't mean to say that you give up a boot and shoe manufacture merely because his daughter has round shoulders?' he exclaimed incredulously.

'It is more than round shoulders—it is a hump!' cried Leibel.

'Then I shall have to look out for another, that's all.'

'No, I don't want any,' replied Leibel, quickly.

Leibel felt guilty. 'But whom have you got in your eye?' he inquired, desperately.

Leibel gave a hypocritical long drawn 'U-m-m-m. I wonder if Rose Green—where I work—' he said, and stopped.

'I fear not,' said Sugarman. 'She is on my list. Her father gave her to me some months ago, but he is hard to please. Even the maiden herself is not easy, being pretty.'

'Perhaps she has waited for some one,' suggested Leibel.

Sugarman's keen ear caught the note of complacent triumph.

'You have been asking her yourself?' he exclaimed in horror-stricken accents.

'And if I have?' said Leibel, defiantly.

'And does her father know?'

'Not yet.'

'Ah! then I must get his consent,' said Sugarman decisively.

'I thought of speaking to him myself.'

'Now, if you went to her father,' pursued the Shadchan, 'the odds are that he would not even give his daughter—to say nothing of the dowry.'

Yes, I think you had better go,' said Leibel eagerly.

'But if I do this thing for you I shall want a pound more,' rejoined Sugarman.

'A pound more!' echoed Leibel in dismay.

'Because Rose Green's hump is of gold,' replied Sugarman practically. 'Also, she is fair to see, and many men desire her.'

'But you always have five per cents on the dowry.'

The very next day Sugarman invaded the green workroom.

Sugarman's entry was brusque and breathless.

'At last!' he cried, addressing the little white-haired master tailor. 'I have the very man for you.'

'Has he any money?' grumpily interrupted Eliphaz.

'He will have money,' replied Sugarman, unhesitatingly, 'when he marries.'

'Ah!' The father's voice relaxed, and his foot lay limp on the treadle. 'How much will he have?'

'I think he will have fifty pounds; and the least you can do is to let him have fifty pounds,' replied Sugarman, with the same happy ambiguity.

Eliphaz shook his head on principle.

'Yes, you will,' said Sugarman, 'when you learn how fine a man he is.'

'Tell me then,' rejoined Eliphaz.

'Tell me, first, if you will give fifty to a young, healthy, hard-working God-fearing man whose idea is to start as a master tailor on his own account? And you know how profitable that is!'

'To a man like that,' said Eliphaz, in a burst of enthusiasm. 'I would give as much as twenty-seven pounds ten!'

'Unless you can promise thirty it is a waste of time mentioning his name,' said Sugarman.

'Well, well—who is he?'

Sugarman bent down, lowering his voice into his father's ear.

'What! Leibel!' cried Eliphaz, outraged.

'Sh!' said Sugarman, 'or he will overbear your delight, and ask more. He has his nose high enough as it is.'

'B-b-b-u,' sputtered the bewildered parent. 'I know Leibel myself. I see him every day. I don't want a Shadchan to find me a man I know—a mere hand in my own workshop!'

'Your talk has neither sense nor figure,' answered Sugarman, sternly. 'It is just the people one sees every day that one knows least.'

Eliphaz grunted vaguely and the Shadchan went on triumphantly. 'I thought as much. And yet where could you find a better man to keep your daughter?'

'But I didn't know he would be having money,' murmured Eliphaz.

'Of course you didn't know. That's what the Shadchan is for—to point out the things that are under your nose.'

'But where will he be getting this money from?'

'From you,' said Sugarman frankly.

'From me?'

'From whom else? Are you not his employer? It has been put by for his marriage day.'

'He has saved it?'

'He has not spent it,' said Sugarman, impatiently.

'But do mean to say he has saved fifty pounds?'

'If he could manage to save fifty pounds out of your wages he would be indeed a treasure,' said Sugarman. 'Perhaps it might be thirty.'

'But you said fifty.'

'Well, you can come down to thirty,' retorted the Shadchan.

'You cannot expect him to have more than your daughter brings.'

'I never said thirty,' Eliphaz reminded him. 'Twenty-seven ten was my last bid.'

Sugarman turned up the next day, and reported that Leibel, was unobtainable under thirty pounds, and Eliphaz, weary of the contest, called over Leibel, till that moment carefully absorbed in his scientific chalk marks, and mentioned the thing to him for the first time. 'I am not a man to bargain.'

The formal engagement was marked by even greater junketing and at last the marriage day came. Leibel was resplendent in a diagonal frock coat, cut by his own hand, and Rose stepped from the cab a medley of flowers, fairness and white silk, and behind her came two bridesmaids—her sisters—a trio that glorified the spectator strewn pavement outside the synagogue.

Leibel and Rose were not the only couple to be disposed of, for it was the thirty third day of the Omer—a day fruitful in marriages.

But at last their turn came. They did not, however, come in their turn, and their special friends among the audience wondered why they had lost their precedence.

Gradually the facts leaked out, and a buzz of talk and comment ran through the waiting synagogue. Eliphaz had not paid up!

At first he declared he would put down the money immediately after the ceremony. But the wary Sugarman, schooled by experience, demanded the instant delivery on behalf of his other client. Hard pressed Eliphaz produced ten sovereigns from his trousers pocket and tendered them on account.

And then arose a hubbub of voices, a chaos of suggestions; friends rushed to and fro between the camps, some emerging from their seats in a synagogue to add to the confusion. But Eliphaz had taken his stand upon a rock—he had no more ready money. To-morrow, the next day, he would have some.

The minister left his post near the canopy, under which so many lives had been united, and came to add his white tie to the forces for compromise. But he fared no better than the others. Incensed at the obstinacy of the antagonists, he declared he would close the synagogue.

At the eighth minute the buzz of tongues faltered suddenly, to be transposed into a new key, so to speak. Through the gesticulating assembly swept that murmur of expectation which crowds know when the procession is coming at last. By some

mysterious magnetism all were aware that the bride herself—the poor hysteric bride—had left the parental camp, was coming in person to plead with her mercenary lover.

And as the glory of her and the flowers on the white draperies loomed upon Leibel's vision his heart melted in worship, and he knew his citadel would crumble in ruins at her first glance, at her first touch.

Was it fair fighting? As his troubled vision cleared and as she came nigh unto him, he saw to his amazement that she was speckless and composed—no trace of tears dimmed the fairness of her face, there was no disarray in her bridal wreath.

The clock showed the ninth minute.

She put her hand appealingly on his arm, while a heavenly light came into her face—the expression of a Joan of Arc animating her country.

'Do not give in, Leibel,' she said. 'Do not have me! Do not let them persuade thee! By my life thou must not! Go home!'

So at the eleventh minute the vanquished Eliphaz produced the balance, and they lived happily ever afterwards.



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GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

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On and after Monday, the 26th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.30 (local). Returning will leave Indian town same days at 8 p. m. local.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

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On and after Monday, Aug. 1st, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

## Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

DAILY SERVICE.

Live. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.15 a. m. Live. Digby at 1.45 p. m., ar. St. John, 4.30 p. m.

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Daily (Sunday excepted).

Live. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.28 p. m. Live. Digby 12.40 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.10 p. m. Live. Yarmouth 3.45 a. m., ar. Digby 1.35 p. m. Live. Digby 1.45 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.45 p. m. Live. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., ar. Digby 11.43 a. m. Live. Digby 11.55 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.45 p. m. Live. Yarmouth 8.35 a. m., ar. Digby 10.25 a. m. Live. Digby 10.30 a. m., ar. Halifax 8.35 p. m. Live. Annapolis 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 8.30 a. m. Live. Digby 8.30 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.60 p. m.

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## TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Hampton..... 5.3  
Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.0  
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